The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1915.

Summary of the News

The situation in the Balkans has undergone no fundamental change since the dispatch of the Russian ultimatum to Bulgaria and the resignation of M. Venizelos, which we recorded last week. A defiant reply, the substance of which was contained in dispatches of October 8, was returned to the ultimatum by Bulgaria, and the Ministers of the Entente Powers left Sofia last week. An element of humor is introduced in a grim situation by the attitude of the Bulgarian Minister in London who remains at his post, complacently declaring that his country has no quarrel with England.

In Greece M. Zaimis has accepted the Premiership and has formed a coalition Ministry in which he will be his own Foreign Minister. Included in the Ministry are four other Premiers. At the first meeting of the Chamber since the formation of the new Ministry, on Monday, M. Zaimis declared that the policy of the Government would for the present be one of "armed neutrality." M. Venizelos said that his party would support the Government so long as there was no departure from the policy of the late Government which had been endorsed by the Chamber, but indicated his conviction that the question was not whether Greece should enter the war in aid of Servia, but only when she should enter it. After the speeches of the two leaders, the Chamber adjourned until next Monday.

The interpretation of the present anomalous situation would seem to be, therefore, that Greece's attitude will be one of "benevolent" neutrality towards the Allies and that no attempt will be made to interfere with the landing of French and British troops at Salonica and their transport by the Salonica-Nish railway into Servia. Public opinion in Greece, which, when the Cabinet crisis occurred last week, seemed to be strongly on the side of Venizelos, appears during succeeding days to have changed and to favor the efforts of the Germanophile King to keep his country from active hostilities with the Teutonic Empires.

The commencement of the long-expected Austro-German invasion of Servia, across the Save, the Danube, and the Drina, was announced in dispatches of October 8. Belgrade was occupied by the left wing of the Teutonic forces, after fierce fighting by the Servian rear-guard, on October 9, and the passage of the Danube has been made secure. News of the capture of Semendria came on Tuesday. As we write, the Servians continue to resist the passage of the Save and Drina, but it is not considered probable that a serious stand will be attempted north of the defensive line of the mountain range near Kraguyevatz. Dispatches on Tuesday reported that Bulgarian troops had also crossed the Servian frontier on the previous day and had begun an attack near Kniashevatz, twenty-five miles northeast of Nish.

The attitude of Rumania continues doubtful. Dispatches from Rome record pro-Ally demonstrations in Bucharest, and news received on Tuesday from the same source is to the effect that M. Bratiano, the Rumanian Premier, has given the Italian Government to understand that Rumania, although maintaining neutrality for the present, intends in her own good time to enter the war on the side of the Allies.

In England the unfavorable turn of events in the Balkans has been received by the section of the press controlled by Lord Northcliffe with the usual clamorous squealing for a scapegoat. This time it is the Foreign Office, headed by Sir Edward Grey, that is bitterly assailed, apparently on the ground that he did not feel in a position to promise to Bulgaria territorial acquisitions which were not his to offer.

The engagement of President Wilson to Mrs. Norman Galt, of Washington, was announced in the morning papers of October 7. On the same date was published President Wilson's statement that he would vote for the woman suffrage amendment in New Jersey on October 19.

Announcement was made by Secretary Lansing, on October 9, that the members of the Pan-American Conference on Mexico had unanimously decided in favor of the recognition of the faction led by Carranza as the *de facto* Government in Mexico. Before this decision was reached, it was stated, certain definite assurances as to the future had been obtained from Carranza. The formal sanction of President Wilson to the plan was accorded on Monday.

Secretary Lansing, on Saturday of last week, gave out the statement that the note to Great Britain on interferences with neutral commerce was completed and would go forward shortly, without waiting for the arrival of Mr. Skinner, Consul-General in London, who has been summoned to Washington to discuss the trade situation. The note, it is understood, was in President Wilson's hands for final consideration at the beginning of this week. Reports that the recall of Mr. Skinner had been requested by the British authorities have been officially denied.

The text of a memorandum prepared by the British Government on the detention and confiscation of cargoes of meats and meat products consigned by Chicago packers to Scandinavian countries, was published in Tuesday's papers. The British Government points out that these shipments were not seized under the Order in Council, but as conditional contraband, and declares that it has in its possession documentary evidence, so strong as to amount to certainty, that the shipments were made to neutral countries with the intention on the part of the packers of having them delivered in Germany.

The naval manœuvres, which ended on Sunday morning, resulted in the victory of the hostile "Red" fleet, which gained command of the sea over the Atlantic battleship fleet, and would have been free to enter Delaware Bay and attack Philadelphia.

As a result of the continuance of slides in the Panama Canal, Major-Gen. Goethals announced on Monday that the reopening of the canal, which had been tentatively set by Col. Harding for November 1, would be indefinitely postponed. It was announced on October 6 that Gen. Goethals had withdrawn his resignation as Governor of the Canal Zone and would continue in active charge until the work of clearing the canal should be completed.

The general elections in Norway were held on Monday, for the first time under the act of 1913, which extended the suffrage to all women, regardless of the amount of their income tax.

The appointment, announced on Monday, of M. Khvostoff, formerly leader of the Right in the Russian Duma, to the Ministry of the Interior, is interesting from the fact that M. Khvostoff is the first member of the Duma to have been included in a Russian Ministry.

German submarines have continued relatively quiescent. Since we wrote last week four British ships and one Greek vessel, the latter in the Mediterranean by an Austrian submarine, have been reported sunk. Retaliatory measures have apparently been taken by British submarines, coöperating with the Russian fleet, in the Baltic. In the last ten days the sinking of three German vessels by this means has been recorded. Opportunity to escape was afforded to the crews.

In France and Flanders the positions gained by the French and British troops in the recent offensive have been consolidated and some further progress is reported, notably by the French in the Champagne district, where the important positions of Tahure and the Butte de Tahure, constituting a point of support for the German second line, were captured last week. In Poland and Galicia the Austro-German offensive appears everywhere to have been brought to a standstill, and dispatches from Petrograd on Tuesday announced the beginning of an offensive by the Russians on the Stripa River, where the Austro-German lines had been pierced and a number of prisoners and guns captured.

In a speech on the Armenian atrocities in the House of Lords, on October 6, Viscount Bryce made the statement that the figure of 800,000 Armenians destroyed since May was "quite a possible number." Dispatches from Rome of October 10 stated that Pope Benedict had interceded with the Sultan of Turkey on behalf of the Armenians. Unwilling to allow such an opportunity for self-revelation to go unheeded, Count von Reventlow last week contributed an article to the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, in which he expressed the conviction that the Armenians had received just about the treatment they deserved, and the earnest hope that the German Government would not attempt to interfere with the domestic affairs of its ally. Perhaps as a result of this indiscretion, news was received on Monday that the *Tageszeitung* had again been suspended.

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The Week

In that brief passage of President Wilson's speech to the Daughters of the American Revolution in which he touched upon the nature of our neutrality, he pointed out, though in few words, no less than three distinct aspects of our attitude. He recognized the part that is played by emotional sympathy, by intellectual judgment, and by the conception of our duty and opportunity as a nation. The country's neutrality does not, and should not, preclude the entertainment of "intense sympathies"; it does not, and should not, stand in the way of our "assessing the merits of the controversy"; but we are not to allow ourselves to be drawn into the quarrel, because America is pledged to "stand apart and maintain certain principles of action which are grounded in law and justice." And upon our fidelity to this duty depends, says the President, our ability to do a lasting service to the cause of peace:

> We are not trying to keep out of trouble, we are trying to preserve the foundations upon which peace can be rebuilt. Peace can be rebuilt only upon the ancient and accepted principles of international law, only upon those things which remind nations of their duties to each other, and, deeper than that, of their duties to mankind and to humanity.

In his deep feeling for what is here laid down is evidently to be found the key to the policy to which, in the face of all manner of discouragement, Mr. Wilson has so persistently adhered throughout the manifold difficulties of the past eight months.

The first comments of the German press on the complete backdown of the German Government in its controversy with the United States express incredulity and consternation. What, take the word of perfidious English officers against the affidavit of a brave German commander? Certain words in Ambassador Bernstorff's letter of disavowal are considered by the party of von Tirpitz as little better than an insult to German naval officers. Count Reventlow is naturally bursting with rage. He protests that the Government has consented to an act which "publicly brands the report and oath of the German commander and crew as inaccurate." Several newspapers refuse to believe the humiliating dispatches, and call upon the authorities at Berlin to issue a denial, or, at least, a reasonable explanation. All this was to have been expected. It shows, what was all along evident, that a very strong feeling existed in Germany against making any concession to the United States on the submarine issue. That the Kaiser finally decided to defy this public sentiment, and to come to terms with President Wilson, even if he had to eat his own words in the process, is plain proof of his anxiety to avoid a rupture with us. Incidentally, these angry outcries by the German press serve to heighten the American triumph.

Allied opinion will agree with part at least of what the Berlin *Tageblatt* says concerning the war in the Balkans:

> This is the beginning of the final triumph of German arms over the world. Our German General Staff knows that the nearest way to strike Germany's nearest enemy is not to capture Calais, but to hold the Dardanelles.

London will agree that through Calais certainly does not lie the nearest way to the heart of the British Empire. The events of a year have shown that. When the *Tageblatt* speaks of what the German General Staff knows, it implies a finality of knowledge which the facts do not justify. It took the Staff a year to find out about Calais, about which at the beginning the German press was as certain as it is now about the Dardanelles and Egypt. In the early summer there was the same metaphysical certainty that the war was to be ended in Russia. On both sides there has been much boasting and vainglory since the beginning of the war; but in the expression of German opinion there is a tone of what we have called metaphysical certainty, the conviction that in the nature of the universe whatever the German General Staff sets out to accomplish must be accomplished. This absolute confidence in final victory may yet be unshaken, but it is eminently unsafe to specify places and dates.

If the Government of Greece should in the end notify the Allies that the dispatch of their troops to Servia by way of Salonica is against its will, and a violation of neutral territory, a very serious question would be raised. The case would at a score of points fail to parallel the invasion of Belgium by a country that had specifically guaranteed the inviolability of her soil, yet there would be a clear breach of international law and of the Hague Conventions. This must be squarely admitted. Till recently, however, it is only fair to point out that the British and French authorities had every reason to suppose that they were acting with the consent of the Greek Government and the applause of the Greek people. Indeed, the railway from Salonica to Servia has long been permitted to transport military supplies. Even military expeditions must have gone that way, for by what other route could the British naval detachment, with its big guns, have reached Servia? Greece has steadily treated Servia as an ally whom it was her wish to aid in every way short of war, and to war itself by Servia's side, in case Bulgaria attacked her, the whole Greek nation seemed pledged. All these circumstances make a moral difference which none but the blind will not perceive. But, as we have said, the technical, legal case, as brought about by the shifts in the Government at Athens, is one that it would be awkward for the Allies to meet, if the present ministry should decide seriously to protest their actions.

It may be a great find that a semi-official organ of the German Government has made when it charges that the French Yellow Book suppressed the last two sentences of a dispatch sent by the British Ambassador at Petrograd to Sir Edward Grey on July 24, 1914; but why the find should be exploited in that quarter is a little difficult to see. The Ambassador stated that it seemed to him "as if France and Russia had decided on firm resistance, even if we refuse to join them." This does not appear to be calculated to add much strength to the prime contention of the Germans in the whole matter—the contention upon which their "Gott strafe England" and the hymn of hate are founded. If England was in a conspiracy with Russia and France to bring on the war, Ambassador Buchanan must have been in a singular state of ignorance for a man in his position when he thought it worth while to give his home Government information as to the probable purposes of Russia and France, in case England "refused to join them." But there is nothing new about this queer blindness to the logical effect of the "revelations" which the German authorities from time to time give to the world. The letters of Baron Greindl, Belgian Minister at Berlin, which were found at Brussels and have been so industriously exploited by the German Government, were warnings to the Belgian Government that it ought to take as much precaution against the danger of invasion by England or France as by Germany. Now all that this could possibly prove was that one Belgian diplomat suspected England and France of evil designs; and it never seems to cross the mind of Wilhelmstrasse that what it *disproves*, or goes far towards

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disproving, is something infinitely more important. Is it likely that the Belgian Minister would be warning his Government against danger of invasion by England or France if Belgium had an understanding with either of these countries that she would connive at such invasion?

The *Kölnische Zeitung* describes as wilful lying the statements by Cromer and the Marquis of Crewe that German consular officials have connived at the Armenian atrocities. The British are trying to kick up a cloud of dust to cover their violation of Greece, that is all. But what has that paper to say of the cheering-on of the Turkish and Kurdish savages by an influential figure in the very German capital—Count von Reventlow? Surely, the neutral world will arrive at two conclusions: that the German people admit the occurrence of the atrocities, and that, whether ashamed or defiant, they admit also some responsibility for the acts of their allies. Even in the Count there is to be detected a note of bravado, as when he asserts the familiar argument, so hollow, whether brought forward by Georgians in defence of a lynching or by the Turks in defence of the extermination of a nation, that a people's internal acts are its own affair. A series of misdeeds like those in Armenia are the concern of the whole world, as the protest of Ambassador Morgenthau, the utterances of the Scandinavian press, and the letter of the Pope amply testify. In the sensitiveness of the German people lies our hope that their Government may act.

The publication of a British Government "White Paper" has just shown Sir Edward Grey in a new rôle—that of benefactor of the enslaved laborers of Portuguese West Africa. The record of reforms achieved is most creditable. In late 1913 he proposed to Lisbon the appointment of a Consul-General for Angola, who should oversee the Consulates already established there; and he invited the Portuguese Government to afford this man and his subordinates facilities for acquainting themselves with the contracting for laborers, the conditions of work on the plantations, and the manner in which the men were repatriated when their contracts expired. Previous attempts at reform had been paralyzed by the efforts of planters, whose defence was that the natives preferred slavery to freedom, and that English interference was prompted by a desire to gobble up the impoverished holdings. But Sir Edward Grey's direct representations resulted in the necessary Portuguese action, and there is ample evidence that involuntary servitude is fast being ended. In 1910 only four imported laborers had been repatriated; in 1913 there were 2,071, and in the first five months of 1914 1,821. In 1912 the average amount paid each laborer for the season's work was under eighteen shillings, and in the first five months of 1914 it was twelve and a half pounds. Brutality has been checked, and the ravages of the sleeping sickness lessened. The work of the British Government and its agents, aided by the Anti-Slavery Society, promises well for the future of the natives of all southern Africa.

To the person who reads the war dispatches in the light of the war maps in his newspaper, the absence of a scale of distances is the cause of much darkness. The same two-column-width will one day represent twenty miles in the Champagne, and the next day four hundred miles in Russia. It is well, therefore, to bring the Balkan theatre of war into some general perspective. The presumptive limit of military operations lies within a parallelogram about 375 miles long, measuring east and west from the Black Sea to the interior of Servia, and 250 miles wide, measuring north and south from the Danube to the Greek frontier in Macedonia. The length of our parallelogram is about equal to the distance from Berlin to Warsaw, and its width is perhaps fifty miles greater than the distance from Budapest to Belgrade. The diagonal, measuring from Belgrade to Constantinople across country, is about 500 miles, or about the distance from Berlin to Antwerp. It is, therefore, apparent from the first that, in view of the possible number of troops brought into the field on either side, the lines must be much more thinly held than in France or Russia, or else that there will be no attempt to form unbroken lines, like those which stretch from the North Sea to Switzerland and from the Baltic to the Dniester, but that operations will take on the older form of free manœuvres, with rapid shifting of fronts, flanking and encircling movements, dramatic advances and retreats.

The Balkan terrain is mountainous country and poor in railways. From Belgrade the great Constantinople trunk line runs south up the valley of the Morava to Nish, which is the present Servian capital. At Nish the line bifurcates, one branch continuing south down the valley of the Vardar, through Vranya and Uskub to Salonica, the other turning southeast and running through Sofia, Philippopolis, and Adrianople to Constantinople. The two hostile Balkan capitals, Nish and Sofia, are at no great distance from each other, less than a hundred miles across country, a little more by rail. The line to Salonica comes very close to the Bulgarian frontier at Vranya, where it is less than twenty miles from Bulgarian territory. Near this point, in all probability, the Bulgarian army will make its attempt to cut the line on which Servia depends for her supplies. But the maintenance of railway connection is fully as important for the Teutonic invaders. The heavy guns, which constitute so important a factor of the German strength, could scarcely be brought into play in the difficult country. For defensive purposes the Serbs and the Allies will have an advantage in the mountainous country, but in a campaign where footwork is to count for a great deal, the notable marching qualities of the German soldier must be taken into account.

The extent of the work of the Bureaus of Information about prisoners of war in Europe surpasses all precedents. In 1870, the Berlin Bureau answered but 60,000 inquiries in all. The present Bureau at Berlin, with its registration of the rank, service division, and place of confinement of many more than a million prisoners, has been brought to an astonishing perfection by Count Schwerin. Nearly a thousand letters of inquiry are received daily, and it is his boast that every one, whether French, Russian, English, Servian, Montenegrin, Italian, Belgian, or Japanese, is answered within twenty-four or at most forty-eight hours. A catalogue contains a list of the dead, so far as names and facts are ascertainable. The British Bureau employs over fifty persons for the same work. In all cases, information is sent not merely concerning enemy dead, sick, and wounded, as the Geneva Convention stipulates, but concerning the unwounded prisoners and the civilians interned. It is indicated by the British report that inquirers after the dead are not merely informed as to the fact: an attempt is made to put them into communication with some one who saw the soldier in question fall, and thus are often discovered "personal details which are highly valued by relatives and friends."

Little dabs of praise for President Wilson seem to form the running accompaniment of ex-Secretary Bryan's lectures. From some hill-town in Pennsylvania we are told that he feels like heartily congratulating the

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President on the success of his dealings with Germany. Out in southern Illinois he stops long enough to remind his audience that they ought to thank their lucky stars that they have a peace-loving President. And now from Georgia we are informed that Mr. Bryan is "much gratified" at President Wilson's coming out in favor of woman suffrage. Incidentally, the ex-Secretary gives other people cause for much gratification by his announcement that his plans for the future "do not include the holding of any office." But what is the explanation of Mr. Bryan's eagerness to be always saying handsome things of Mr. Wilson? His own generous and noble nature—perhaps. Even so, it is a pretty good proof of skilful political management on the President's part. To have broken with a powerful politician in a way to win the applause of the country, while allowing the other to put himself in the wrong; and then to leave that politician in a position and a mood which impel him to sing the President's praises—all this is not so bad a piece of work for a mere professor who knew nothing about politics!

On the one hand, remarks Senator Borah, we have President Wilson with a solid Democracy and a growing general popularity; on the other, we have the Republicans getting ready for an internal shindy. He did not openly predict a quarrelsome division; but the prediction was implicit in his fear that the Republican party would not "do the wise thing" and adopt a liberal platform.

Our ultra-conservative friends who assume that the liberal sentiment in this country has been dying out, or that the pendulum is swinging back, are greatly in error. Those who hold that opinion have not been out among those who cast votes; and so far as I am concerned, I feel more deeply interested in the liberal campaign of 1916 than I did in that of 1912, because I feel that the issues have become more vital.

The question is whether Senator Borah is not raising a bogey. As if in answer comes a résumé of the first issue of *Prosperity, The Republican National Magazine*, with articles by Mann, Herrick, and Fairbanks jostling others by the treasurer of the United Shoe Machinery Company, of Boston, the president of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, and the vice-president of the United States Potters' Association, lately rebuked by Secretary Redfield. The principal contributions are devoted to the Underwood tariff and to the consequent despair that "fills the air," the destruction that threatens "farm and factory interests, miner, and magnate." It is evidently not amiss for Borah to issue a warning that the Western farmer and miner will desire more liberal issues than that of the gloom-filled air.

It is not to be supposed that the Secretary of the Treasury would have come out for the retention of the duties on sugar without the President's approval. Hence we may expect that the Administration will urge Congress to repeal the section of the tariff bill making sugar free next year. This tariff tax can be defended as one for revenue. It actually produces a large revenue. Fifty millions a year, or thereabouts, are not to be sneezed at by a Treasury with a big deficit. This fact will doubtless be the great argument used with Congress. It can retrace its steps with good grace on the plea that the war has so dislocated our fiscal programme that we must now keep our hands on a tax which, in 1913, it was believed that we could dispense with. Of course, there will be "incidental" advantages, of a political sort, of which not much will be said, but which will nevertheless be potent in many minds. For example, the keeping of the sugar duties will almost surely make an end of the Progressive party in Louisiana. All those rays of hope which the Colonel lately saw in that State, portending a break in the solid South, will vanish.

Last year Joseph Walker was the Progressive candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. Now he has written a letter to Samuel W. McCall announcing his withdrawal from the Progressives and his adherence to the Republicans. "Many of the leaders of the Progressive party," he confesses, "have privately or publicly admitted the futility of further attempts to establish a new party. . . . Further fighting obviously means, not the success of the Progressive party, but merely the defeat of the Republican party." Mr. Walker polled only 32,000 votes last year against McCall's 199,000, and yet Walsh was reëlected Governor, polling more votes than he or any other candidate had received since 1911. Evidently, the break-up of the Progressives will not necessarily mean the triumph of the Republicans, as, indeed, the tendency of Massachusetts voters to elect a capable Democrat Governor now and then had indicated in advance. The Progressive Convention alternately cheered and jeered the name of Charles Sumner Bird, whose position in the campaign no one seems quite to know, but in the end voted a resolution of "love and sympathy for our former leader." Disappointment was expressed over a telegram from George W. Perkins, urging that the Progressives make no fight in the State this year, but concentrate upon 1916. They seem to be concentrating already in the enemy's camp.

Shortly the Federal law for the protection of migratory birds is to be brought before the United States Supreme Court, the Federal Court of eastern Arkansas having declared it unconstitutional. The case to be tried concerns three wild ducks which a hunter shot out of season as a deliberate test. That the law may withstand the assault every lover of wild life and every true sportsman must ardently wish. In the two years that it has been in force, reports from Federal game wardens show the increase in water fowl to be from ten to several hundred per cent., according to locality; while migratory land birds have also benefited. Wild fowl formerly ran a gantlet of fire from Louisiana to Maine. Ninety-one organizations, representing thirty-eight States, have joined under the National Association of Audubon Societies in a brief supporting the right of the Government to enact such a law. They declare that it is impossible for the several States to enforce their joint rights, that migratory birds are of great assistance in destroying the insect foes of crops and forests, that Congress has power to protect the agency which preserves the property of the United States from destruction, and, finally, that migratory birds are the property of the nation.

The gift by Jacob H. Schiff of $500,000 to Barnard for a students' hall is one of the largest the college has received. But one exceeded it—that of $1,200,000 made over ten years ago for Milbank Hall and Quadrangle. The list of benefactions to Barnard, indeed, is very short in comparison with that boasted by Columbia. The gifts for Brinckerhoff and Fiske Halls amounted to $150,000 each, the Carpentier Fund for general endowment to $250,000, the Rockefeller gift to the same amount, and the anonymous gift for Brooks Hall, the Gibbes gift, and the Kennedy gift to not much more than half a million taken together. Alumnæ of women's colleges are obviously unable to raise large sums, and the comparative youth of Barnard has made her task harder than that of established sister institutions. The twenty-fifth anniversary celebration last spring made evident the pressing needs of Barnard. A college that has done so much for the higher education of the women of New York city richly deserves generous treatment.

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A GREAT CONTROVERSY ENDED.

There are two ways of belittling a diplomatic success of the first order such as President Wilson's Administration has won in the controversy with Germany. One is to assert that the result is good but the method of reaching it wrong. Able Republican editors have already been at work along this line. They grudgingly admit the achievement, but say that it could have been earlier and more satisfactorily attained if the President had not stubbornly refused to take their advice. But they really know well that the people will not listen to this sort of thing. Imagine able editors saying in the next Presidential campaign: "Men and brethren, this is all very fine, but we could have done it better." The able editors would only get themselves laughed at consumedly.

The other way of trying to whittle down the great triumph of our Government is to seek to go behind the record of Germany's complete yielding to the United States, and to discover secret motives. Thus it is said that the German Government gave up its lawless submarine warfare only when it had no submarines left with which to wage it. Otherwise, it never would have backed down before an American demand unaccompanied by a display of force. Still other hidden springs of Germany's surrender are suggested. She hopes soon for peace, and has her eye on recovery of her American trade. She knows also that, after the war, she will have to come here for money. Thus she is seeking to maintain friendly relations with us purely for selfish ulterior purposes; and merely for the sake of these reversed her submarine policy. She apparently ate humble pie, but was really thinking of the whole course-dinner which she might in that way enable herself to eat later. It was not the President's resolute stand that did the business, but Germany's own self-interest.

Now, plain people have a trenchant way of dealing with this kind of special pleading in abatement. They call it nonsense. The big thing stands there for everybody to see. As Secretary Lansing remarks, while refusing to talk, the German Ambassador's letter speaks for itself. The Administration, with characteristic and welcome modesty, is not doing any horn-blowing, but it does not need to. The country is not so stupid as not to know what has been done. And its answer to the minimizing gentlemen who point out the elements in the case that lie beneath the surface, and who affirm that Germany did only what she had a good selfish reason for doing, will be that President Wilson took all these matters into the account. If able editors see them after the event, he saw them before it. When they told him that he could not possibly do anything with the German Government except by the argument of pike and gun, he quietly persisted in his course because he thought of all these considerations which come to them only as after-thoughts. And he can certainly afford to smile at feeble efforts to detract from a diplomatic victory which is now complete.

Why may we confidently say that the great controversy is ended? The final German note deals only with the case of the Arabic. What about the Lusitania? What about other ships and other claims? Clearly, they are all implicitly covered by the concessions in the matter of the Arabic. That is to say, in law, in logic, and in practical effect, the German Government has assented to the entire contention of President Wilson. The expressions used by Ambassador Bernstorff in the instance of the Arabic are such as to prove the giving up of the very last point. Germany will pay the indemnity which a month ago she said was out of the question. But if so for the American lives lost on the Arabic, *a fortiori* for the Americans murdered on the Lusitania. Supposing the matter were left to arbitration: Germany would not have a leg to stand on. All that American counsel would have to do would be to read to the tribunal Germany's official admissions. She concedes that the sinking of merchant vessels by her submarines was both lawless and inhuman. What could the most prejudiced court of arbitration do after that but proceed to assess the damages which Germany must pay? The cause is finished. The crisis is over.

If the final solution has required great courage and inflexible determination on the part of President Wilson, it is only fair to bear in mind that the German Government, too, had to be bold and firm. It had not only to confess itself mistaken, and openly to repudiate its own Admiralty: it had also to face a strong and bitter public opinion at home. There can be no doubt that the news of the surrender at Washington will cause much heart-burning throughout Germany. It will take all the authority of the Government, all the severity of censorship, to prevent sharp criticism. This popular German sentiment has all along been one of the great obstacles to a peaceful settlement of the submarine controversy. Those who, from the time of the sinking of the Lusitania, feared war between the United States and Germany, feared it mainly because it seemed impossible that a proud and militarily intoxicated country like Germany could retreat in a diplomatic dispute. But she has now done it in the fullest manner. The President has had his way. Through good report and through ill he has held his steady course; and now he has the intense satisfaction not only of having been able to keep his country out of war, but of having made its stand for neutral rights, for international law, and for elementary humanity, brilliantly successful. It is needless to lavish laudation upon Mr. Wilson. The facts, the record, the things known of all men, praise him more eloquently than could any words.

BRIGHTER DAYS FOR MEXICO.

On October 7, 1910, Porfirio Diaz, having bestowed upon himself a new Presidential term of six years, felt secure enough to release from prison his rival for the Presidency, Francisco Madero. Five years later, almost to a day, our Government, acting in conjunction with the principal South American republics, announced the forthcoming recognition of Venustiano Carranza and the approaching end of an era of civil war which has brought upon the Mexican people sufferings probably as bitter as the war-ridden nations of Europe have undergone. We cannot speak with certainty of the future, but the signs point clearly to the termination of a painful period of transition, the establishment in Mexico, not merely of order, but of a new order. Despite the vicissitudes of the last five years, the trend of events has been moving towards one conclusion. The Mexico that will emerge from the bloody test cannot be the Mexico of Don Porfirio. When affairs were in their most chaotic stage, when no one could say with certainty whether the destinies of the republic were ultimately to be shaped by Villa, by Carranza, by Zapata, it was still plain that the old ideas were done for. The counter-revolution of Huerta and Felix Diaz had failed. All the men in the field were struggling for reform and reconstruction. It simply remained to determine who the one man should be.

Carranza is, first, the result of a long and severe process of elimination. Were Pancho Villa in the same military position which Carranza holds to-day, it is possible that the sanction of the Pan-American Governments

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would have been bestowed on him. But it would be wrong to descry in the triumph of Carranza the mere operations of good fortune. In Carranza are most completely exemplified the qualities necessary for the establishment of a new order which should not be an impossible break with the old. By antecedents, by training, by culture, he represents enough of the old Mexico to make no such startling transition as would have marked the advent of Pancho Villa to the Presidency. The new order must bring a new life for the submerged classes, but the process of reconstruction must inevitably be the work of the class experienced in government; and Carranza comes from that class. His personality has shown the toughness essential in a severe struggle for the survival of the fittest. The dangers of a military despotism, which many people have regarded as the only form of government possible in Mexico, are lessened under a civilian who has shown a talent for keeping his generals under control. The rumors of mutiny by Obregon, Gonzales, and other Constitutional leaders are fabrications from Villa's press agency.

It is true also that recognition for Carranza has come as a result of the united efforts of the American republics. Our own Government has not merely coöperated with the "A B C" nations; it is likely that our attitude has been influenced by the wishes and opinions of the Latin-American Governments. Racially and by political experience they are better qualified than we to understand forces and personalities in Mexico. It used to be said that the representatives of Argentina, Chili, and Brazil were hostile to Carranza because their own political institutions were dominated by that Científico element against which the revolution of Madero was directed. All the more reason why their ultimate approval of Carranza should be accepted as evidence that Carranza is the only man possible. Working hand in hand with the nations of South America, our own Government reduces to a minimum the suspicion with which Latin America regards the motives of the United States, the natural fear of weak nations. Some justification for that fear could be found in the vociferations of our allied imperialist and big-business interests, the people who favor a speedy solution of problems in a neighboring republic by the simple process of going in and "taking" things. The participation of the South American republics is not only a guarantee to the Mexican people; it is a pledge imposed on ourselves and a check upon the jingo within our gates.

The problems which still confront the Mexican people are heavy. For some time to come the bands of Villa and Zapata will continue to make trouble, though an unmistakable expression of our good-will and, specifically, an embargo on the importation of arms into Mexico, would speedily discourage the guerrilla leaders and their financial backers. After the war there is a vast mass of social legislation to be put through, and this will bring friction. Even before that, the financial upbuilding of the nation must be undertaken. The Mexican people has a heavy bill of foreign indemnities to meet. But they can be met if the Pan-American Governments see to it that only the just debts of foreigners are exacted. The natural resources of Mexico are very great. The people, under a just system of taxation, can afford the interest on a very heavy loan for the payment of indemnities, the rebuilding of railways, and the beginnings of a system of land distribution among the people. While this necessary work is being carried on by Carranza, critics of his Administration in and out of Mexico are undoubtedly in the position of pointing to the failure of the democratic movement which Madero set on foot. Don Porfirio is gone, but Don Venustiano, another "strong man," is in his place. It is on a smaller scale the French Revolution ending in Napoleon. But if Carranza can do for the Mexican people what Napoleon did for the French people, he will be justified. It was the error and crime of Porfirio Diaz that, while he gave Mexico order, he did not concern himself with laying a foundation for the national life.

Looking back over the policy of our own Government during these five years of turmoil, it is only too easy to point out errors, inconsistencies, disappointments. The only answer, and a sufficient answer, is that the men in charge at Washington did their best according to their lights. We were compelled to show our sympathy with the liberal forces of Mexico while leaving untouched the sovereignty of the Mexican people. In the expedition to Vera Cruz this anomaly was at its sharpest. Yet underlying was the feeling that this country could not tolerate the triumph of a Huerta. The American people were under no burden of official propriety. Their sympathies with the struggle of the Mexican people for liberty were unmistakable. Looking back over these five years we cannot but feel a great pride in the faithfulness of our people to a fine sentiment. We had much provocation. But in spite of the injuries inflicted on American interests, in spite of the loss of American lives, in spite of affronts to our national dignity, the democratic instincts, the moral sense of a great nation, and the spirit of fair play have spoken out unmistakably for giving the people of Mexico a chance.

THE METHOD OF ZIGZAG.

The phrase is Burke's. In the second of his "Letters on a Regicide Peace" he wrote of the fanatics who go "straight forward and openly," and contrasted them with "the politicians" who prefer "the surer mode of zigzag." It is a difference which has since appeared a thousand times in public affairs; and is as visible to-day in the United States as it ever was in France. In many of the questions now confronting the American people, we have to reckon both with the men of passionate convictions who desire to press on in a right line to their goal, and with those actually in office, or desirous of getting there, whose instinct it is to temporize and compromise, to go slowly if they can and to move tortuously if they are forced to move at all. Our experience has amply demonstrated the fact that when some large issue fairly gets into politics, progress with it is usually attained only by the mode of zigzag.

Take the matter of national "preparedness," of which we have been hearing so much. It has now got into politics. President Wilson, whose political acumen nobody worth listening to will now deny, has quietly annexed the issue. He has proclaimed himself in favor of "very adequate" preparation, "not for war, but for defence." On hearing of this, a great many people heaved a sigh of relief. The thing was settled. The President had committed his Administration and his party to "preparedness," and now all troubled folk could dismiss the affair from their minds and sleep in peace. What these persons did not perceive was that the question had merely been removed, for the time being, from the hands of the fanatics, and taken charge of by the politicians. More definitely, the President had seen to it that the issue of preparedness could not be used to injure his Administration. He had dished the Whigs. But that this proves that the whole matter will now be dealt with in a swift and determined manner will be believed only by those who know little of politics.

Wendell Phillips used to tell a story of the building of the first railway between Petrograd and Moscow. The engineers brought large-scale plans to the Czar, show-

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ing how the route followed the sinuosities of the country. But the Czar laid a ruler on the map, drew a straight line between the two cities, and said: "Make me a railway like that." Now, we have plenty of czars of preparedness in this country who desire to do that kind of thing. There are the experts who would, if they could, put an American garrison in the planet Mars, and build coast-defences against the sweet influences of the Pleiades. There are the doctrinaires who would take their bill and sit down quickly and write, 3,000,000 soldiers, 300 battleships, and have the whole done instanter. But they will learn something after they are compelled to walk long in the zigzag paths of politics. For example, there is a renewed report that the Secretary of War and the President will strongly urge the abolition of useless army posts, so that the money saved in that way can be spent upon real military needs. But what a lot of zigzagging the local politicians will do before anything of the kind is permitted! And what an amount of moving in any line but a straight one will Congress and the newspapers and the press do when it comes to translating the large and genial terms of preparedness into those of cold cash! A bond issue of $500,000,000? The income tax doubled or trebled, and extended down to those having no more than $1,000 a year? Why, Congress and the country will be full of zigzags, when it comes to that.

This is always the way with big new questions thrust upon a democracy; and the advocates of preparedness need expect no special dispensation to save their projects from such a fate. There will be speeches and bills in heaps; political discussions and manœuvres without end; but short of some startling development or sudden threat now unforeseen, there is no reason to believe that Congress can be got to do anything in this business except in piecemeal and patchwork fashion. Who is to draw up the programme? Who to decide, or to persuade Congress to believe, what is "adequate" preparedness? If the whole problem may be radically altered by the course and end of the war in Europe, how can it be expected that Congress will not insist upon waiting before making a definite and irrevocable plunge? Such questions as these should not be left out of the reckoning of those who wish to weigh coolly the chances of future action. Just now we are comforting ourselves with words. "Preparedness" is blessed with power to soothe many an anxious breast. And many are relying upon the obvious sentiment throughout most parts of the country in favor of doing something. This sentiment is partly manufactured, partly genuine and sincere, but in either case is highly vague. It is, at present, just the sort of feeling which politicians like to deal with. They try to make sure that it cannot be used to hurt them, and they encourage those moved by it to expect great work by them when the time comes. But between all such coddling, with vague promises, and actual performance, there is a great gulf fixed. Across it the fanatics of preparedness may hope to throw a bridge as straight as the Czar's ruler; but we warn them that the politicians will seek to find every kind of rail-fence route, to the side and backwards, and north by south.

ARE WE GIVING GENEROUSLY?

About a month ago there appeared in the *Nation* a letter of very unusual character, entitled "A Word to the Moderately Rich." The writer defined that class, to which he stated that he himself belongs, as comprising persons with an income of $10,000 to $25,000 a year. "With millions suffering for food and care in Belgium, Servia, and Poland," he said, "I doubt if there is a single one of us in the whole United States who has taken the situation sufficiently to heart to make any appreciable sacrifice to help relieve it. By an appreciable sacrifice, I mean any real curtailment of our pleasure at all comparable to that involved in the giving of half a dollar by a laboring man or woman." The great majority of all of us, including himself, he declared, "have been acting like hogs."

Whether the epithet which, in his contrition, the writer applied to himself and his fellows is too harsh or not, is a question on which opinions will differ; but there is no room for question as to the fundamental fact—the fact that, considerable as has been the amount sent by our well-to-do classes for the relief of the appalling suffering in Europe, the number of cases in which the contribution has been so large as to impose upon the giver any real sacrifice is so small as to be negligible. It is pleasant to record that at least two persons have been so struck with the appeal as to have sent to the *Nation* their subscriptions of $2,000 each, in accordance with the writer's conditions; and it is to be hoped that his list of ten will be completed.

We are convinced, however, that if nothing but "hoggishness" stood in the way, there would flow into the coffers of the various admirable relief agencies a sum many times as great as that which America has thus far given. Inertia and want of imagination are the great obstacles. In some sense, it is true, these may themselves be interpreted as indications of "hoggishness"; if one were less in the habit of thinking of one's self and one's nearest concerns, and more in the habit of vividly realizing the needs of others, one would have less inertia and more imagination. One would see that there would be infinitely more satisfaction in the consciousness that a hundred homeless families were succored from misery and despair than there could possibly be in the acquisition of the latest type of automobile. But that is not the way in which we are in the habit of thinking of the matter. Most of us simply feel that the little we should do if we did our best would make so slight impression upon the total mass of wretchedness and destitution that it is hardly worth while to do anything. The reasoning is natural, but it is false.

There is one service that such a letter as that from which we have been quoting ought to be peculiarly effective in performing. In the early days of the appeal for the Belgians, a year ago, one heard a good deal of the plea that "charity begins at home," that there was danger of our own poor suffering by diversion of humane gifts to the war-stricken people on the other side of the Atlantic. With this plea we have never had a particle of patience. From persons who, in the enjoyment of every comfort and of many luxuries, can think of no other way to meet such a call of unparalleled tragedy and distress as arose from the devastation of Belgium except by cutting off their usual dole of charity at home, we ask and expect nothing. If you are unwilling at your own expense to give more in this year of wrath and desolation than you give when all's well with the world, if your help to the sufferers in Belgium, or Servia, or Poland, is to be imposed as a sacrifice upon the poor whom you have been in the habit of helping more or less at home, by all means let your charity stop where it begins, at home. But it is a monstrous idea that under no circumstances shall a man trench upon what he has been accustomed to devote to his own spendings or his own savings, and that any new call for his aid, however tragic, however overwhelming and urgent, must be met, if met at all, at the expense of the little fund which in ordinary times he devotes to charitable purposes. In point of fact, we are convinced that out of the several millions of dollars

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that have gone to the relief of the war-plagued peoples of Europe, only a very insignificant amount has been derived from so ignoble a source. It has been a large sum, as such things are usually measured, though it has been far too little in view of the occasion; but, big or little, it has represented, we are sure, real generosity and not a robbing of the poor at home to give to the desolated abroad.

It is in the personal service of hundreds of devoted men and women that our country has shown the genuineness of its sympathy and its humanity. The physicians who crossed the ocean to risk their lives in the midst of war and pestilence, the nurses who have ministered to and succored the wounded, and last but far from least the men who have devoted their great ability and tireless energy to the vitally important work of organizing and directing works of charity and relief—for these representatives of what is best in America no words of praise can be too high. It will never be possible to estimate the good that has been accomplished by Mr. Hoover, the head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, under whose direction difficulties almost inconceivable have been overcome; and the work of Mr. Bates, of the Belgian Relief Committee in New York city, has been of a similarly admirable nature. The devotion of the expert skill of these men gives one a peculiar thrill of pleasure. And when they tell us—as does Mr. Hoover in his recent report on the work of the Commission—that there is imperative need of a continued flow of help, if the women and children and helpless men that have been rescued are to be kept alive through the dark days still to come, shall the rest of us begrudge the trivial sacrifice of a few dollars, to back up the splendid labor which is *their* contribution to the good work?

INDIANA'S SENTIMENTAL BARD.

Hoosierdom made its annual sentimental journey to the capital on Thursday of last week to burn incense before the altar of its greatest poet. It was a successful occasion. Everybody who came was full of sentiment, and by banquet-time the air was thick with it. In so favoring an atmosphere, it is not surprising that a village blacksmith, surpassing the one commemorated in Longfellow's lines, who was content to allow some one else to write him up, fell into verse. The silver horseshoe that constituted his offering to the shrine in Lockerbie Street was accompanied with the couplet:

> Hang your neckties in this shoe,
> It's hand-made and made for you.

This evidence that Indiana's poetic virility is in no danger of decay was one of the most inspiring features of the celebration. But its most distinctive element was the nation-wide interest that it has aroused. Part of that interest is mere curiosity, part of it perhaps a good-natured envy, and part of it a genuine response to the sentiment that was unloosed in a flood in intoxicated Indianapolis.

One thing that is clear is that Indiana is honoring, not a mere poet, but Indiana's poet. It is just possible that if you caught a Hoosier off his guard, he would admit to you in confidence that Burns or Tennyson was in some ways greater than Riley. But what did Burns or Tennyson ever do for Indiana? Now, what James Whitcomb Riley has done for Indiana is simply beyond computation. It is not so much that he has helped in putting Indiana on the map. He has rendered a sweeter service in making Hoosierdom conscious of her own pretty, careless, pathetic little ways. In the glow of his poetic fire, her limitations become resources, her faults are transformed into charms with which you can no more quarrel than you could quarrel with a kitten that insisted upon playing with you when you thought you wanted to work; and her virtues are elevated into qualities for which the rest of the world has hitherto waited in vain. By referring to Hoosierdom as "her" we do not mean to suggest that Riley's verses deal mainly with woman's feelings and activities; on the contrary, one gets the impression that boys constitute the chief part of Riley's commonwealth, with men coming not very far behind. But in his handling of these men and boys, the poet is unmistakably feminine. That is, he presents them as they appear to the fond eyes of mothers, sisters, and grandmothers, or to their own eyes in retrospective and pensive mood.

In a word, Riley is Indiana's minstrel, and it does not matter whether what he writes is poetry or doggerel, or floats uncertainly in the twilight zone between. You may not think the Stars and Stripes beautiful, or find "The Star-Spangled Banner" inspiring in either words or music, but patriotism demands that you honor them for the sake of the sentiment behind them. So with Riley. Not his verses, but his sentiments, carry him into the Hoosier's heart. An Indianian no more than anybody else really wishes himself

> back to Griggsby's Station—
> Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

But it is easy for him to fancy that he does, and besides, Griggsby's Station is in Hoosierland and so must be a heavenly sort of place. Any lingering doubt about its delights is dissipated by the imprimatur of Hoosierland's poet. The wheel has come full circle. At first the minstrel was listened to because of his praises of a land flowing with milk and honey. Now the land is seen to be fair because the minstrel calls it so, and every fresh breath of laudation inhaled raises land, people, and poet—all of them together—a notch higher in their joint imagination.

But not all of Riley's rhyming about

> The Hoosier Folk-Child—all unsung—
> Unlettered all of mind and tongue;
> Unmastered, unmolested—made
> Most wholly frank and unafraid;
> Untaught of any school—unvexed
> Of law or creed—all unperplexed—
> Unsermoned, ay, and undefiled,
> An all imperfect-perfect child—
> A type which (Heaven forgive us!) you
> And I do tardy honor to.

—not all this would have sufficed to win him admiring readers in places far removed from Hoosierdom. In Indiana, one of the numbers on the programme arranged for the proper celebration of Riley Day in the schools consists of a "Paper, or speech: 'Why We Celebrate This Day.' (The value of the poet; the value of our poet.) See the poem 'They Had No Poet and So They Died' [Anonymous] . . . " But the rest of the country remains strangely careless of the fate in store for the people who lack a rhymester. Why, then, the Riley cult outside of Indiana? Well, it must be admitted that others than Hoosiers are susceptible to sentimental appeals. The most patriotic Hoosier, one can safely aver, would have no reason for limiting the universality of the confession:

> *Lord!*—we all know we're as common as sin!

The main cause for Riley's popularity in distant parts, however, is undoubtedly his verses about children. And surely here sentiment is to be excused, and tear-and-smile poetry forgiven. One is tempted to make the sentimental observation that the divinity of childhood is thus shown to be proof against anything. But this circumstance should not lead us into confusing appeals to our feelings with the demands of art. Riley and Eugene Field have handled the same ore. In Field's hands only was it apt to turn into pure gold.

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Foreign Correspondence

ENGLISH PAMPHLETS ON THE WAR—THE SUPERNATURAL HOST IN THE RETREAT FROM MONS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, September 21.

The elder Disraeli once wrote: "Wherever pamphlets abound, there is freedom; and therefore we have been a nation of pamphleteers." A moment's reflection on the course of English history seems to bear out the truth of, at any rate, the second limb of this sentence. Every political, religious, or social crisis has been marked by the outcrop of hosts of brochures, tracts, and broadsides, vehemently championing one side or other of the subject in dispute. Without going back to the era before the invention of printing, we can all recall, without effort, the propagandist tractates of the Reformation; the innumerable pamphlets of the days of the Civil War, Commonwealth, and Restoration, and the extraordinary series of political pamphlets published in the days of Queen Anne. Even when the spread of newspapers and magazines offered easier and more effectual channels of publicity, the pamphlet did not lose its vogue, and the nineteenth century is prolific in controversies carried on with this weapon, of which it may be enough to mention those connected with the Corn Laws and Chartism, and Cardinal Newman's "Tracts for the Times." The great struggle of to-day offers no exception to the general rule. Never, within living memory, have such piles of pamphlets and booklets been seen in our bookshops; and the enormous quantities sold testify that they have been read as well as published. The Central Committee for National Patriotic Organizations publishes a selected list of over 300 pamphlets connected with the war, defining pamphlets by a rough-and-ready rule of price (6d. and under). This list, naturally, does not contain many of the publications of such societies as the Union of Democratic Control (though it does catalogue some of the productions of the "Fatherland Corporation" of New York); and no doubt the pacifists, premature and otherwise, could marshal nearly as long a line. In fact, the number of brochures published in connection with the war may probably run into the thousands. The names attached to many of these pamphlets are a voucher for their quality. The list of to-day cannot boast of a Milton or a Swift, an Addison or a Steele, a Burke or a Defoe, a John Knox or a Thomas Paine, a Shelley or a Wordsworth; but it at least includes many men of light and leading, such as Lord Bryce and Henry James, Gilbert Murray and Lowes Dickinson, Frederic Harrison and Sir Frederick Pollock, Maurice Hewlett and Anthony Hope, Sir A. Conan Doyle and Sir William Osler. The Oxford Pamphlets, published by the Clarendon Press and now numbering nearly 100, present a body of sound, unprejudiced, and scholarly work that cannot easily be overvalued. If we include the pamphlets that we are reading by men of other countries, the list is further adorned by such names as Henri Bergson, Paul Sabatier, and Charles Eliot. Enough has been said to show that, in giving up books for pamphlets, we are not necessarily debasing our literary currency. And it may be incidentally noted that, while the market for large new books not connected with the war is now somewhat circumscribed, the publishers who issue standard works and own good copyrights have no great reason to assume that the war has destroyed the taste for solid reading.

The causes and issues of the war naturally form the burden of the great bulk of the pamphlets. The policies of the Allies and their opponents, the responsibility for the war, the sociology and psychology of the conflicting nations, the science and methods of war, the economics and financing of the mammoth struggle, the prospects for the future, the possible terms of peace, the effects of the war on the status of women, the experiences and psychology of the individual soldier, the attitude, rights, and duties of neutral countries, the relations of the British Dominions to the war, the question of conquered colonies, Belgium and the significance of small states, the church and the war, and the actual military and naval operations represent only a few of the different aspects under which the all-engrossing subject has been discussed. Interest has been quickened in all that throws light on the history and character of our enemies and our allies; and this has been particularly marked in the case of Russia, not only in the shape of books and pamphlets about that country (*e. g.*, "Russia's Gift to the World," a twopenny brochure by J. W. Mackail), but also in the form of numerous translations from Russian literature. The outburst of pamphlets by the so-called "pacifists" (though there are few of us who would object to that label, if used in an ultimate sense) is very natural, very characterisic, and in many ways very laudable. And yet the question may well be asked whether these pacifists are not, for the moment, practically the only militarists, since the form of peace which they are willing to promote or accept would infallibly mean a world of armed camps for generations to come. The great mistake into which they almost all inevitably drift is to write as if there were really no great moral difference between one side and the other. All wagers of war are so intrinsically wicked that it is futile to try to make distinctions between them. Such, at least, is the suggestion to my mind of various utterances by men whom I should, temperamentally, like to agree with, such as Mr. Norman Angell, Mr. Bertrand Russell, Mr. E. D. Morel, and perhaps even Mr. Lowes Dickinson. Take, for instance, these sentences from an article contributed by Mr. Bertrand Russell to the *International Review:* "This war is trivial; for all its vastness no great principle is at stake, no great human purpose is involved on either side. The supposed ideal ends for which it is being fought are merely part of the myth." I imagine that some of these pamphleteers are inclined to welcome the charge of "bad citizenship" as a halo of martyrdom, and console themselves with the reflection that the Early Christians were "bad citizens" of the Roman Empire.

In striking contrast to these publications of the pacifists are such pamphlets as "How Can War Ever Be Right?" by Prof. Gilbert Murray, and "To Them that Say Peace, Peace, When There Is No Peace," by Miss Isabel Fry, member of a well-known Quaker family. These writers have at least as much predisposition towards peace on earth and good-will to men, as the strongest of the Pacifists; but they have come, through agony and bloody sweat, to a very different conviction as to the incumbent duty of the moment.

The pamphlets approaching the subject of the war from the point of view of religion and the church are by no means the least interesting of the heap. They represent all shades of opinion, from the most literal interpretation of turning the other cheek down to the unhesitating belief that this war is a stage of "the eternal and irrepressible conflict between the forces of Ormuzd and those of Ahriman, between darkness and light, between good and evil, between God and Baal, between love and lust, between Christ and Cæsar" ("Christ or Kaiser," by Paul Tyner, in the Victory Series of threepenny booklets). Many of the writers, of course, argue that the facts, nay the very existence, of the struggle demonstrate more clearly than ever that there is no God, or at least no omnipotent and infinitely benevolent Deity.

At the opposite pole from this reinvigorated atheism there has taken place a most extraordinary recrudescence of the belief in magic, miracle, and the direct intervention of the supernatural. The most striking instance of this is the story of the saints or angels who are reported to have appeared to the British soldiers in the retreat from Mons, and saved them from inevitable disaster by the exercise of some supernatural influence on the overwhelming masses of the pursuing Germans. This story has appeared with varying details, in innumerable newspapers and magazines. You are constantly meeting people who believe in it implicitly, and can tell you all about it at second or third hand. A lieutenant-colonel of some eminence has testified that he and four other officers, as well as a large number of men, saw phantom horsemen riding on each side of the retreating column. A private soldier has made an affidavit that he "saw a vision of angels with his own eyes," though unfortunately his C. O. has shown that this witness did not reach France till after the retreat was over. Hot controversies have been waged about it by letters to the press. The pulpit has also been busy, and leading divines both of the church and of non-conformity have apparently accepted the mystical appearances as proven fact. And then came a little booklet by Mr. Arthur Machen (now in its second edition of 50,000 and readable in several different languages), tracing the genesis of the whole legend from an imaginary sketch he contributed, about a year ago, to a London evening paper. This sketch ("The Bowmen") he reprints as it appeared. To most of us this demonstration is conclusive; but there are still people who cling to their belief, just as there are others who cannot be convinced that huge bodies of Russian troops did not pass through England in August, 1914. Mr. Harold Begbie, for instance, is very angry indeed with Mr. Machen for what he considers "a most lamentable failure upon his part to realize the acuteness of human suffering, and the intense eagerness for consolation, which are now lying at the heart of English existence." This sentence appears in a rejoinder to Mr. Machen, issued by Mr. Begbie in the form of another little book, entitled "On the Side of the Angels," the object of which is to prove that there is evidence enough to show that the story of St. George with his white steed and his celestial bowmen (converted, in later versions of the tale, into angels) did not originate in Mr. Machen's sketch. He even goes so far as to suggest that Mr. Machen's literary effort may have been a telepathic reproduction of something that actually happened. In any case, more robust Christians than Mr. Begbie fail to see

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why their faith or hope or spiritual consolation should stand or fall with the truth of the reported miracle.

There is no room, and it would be an invidious task, to single out individual pamphlets of special significance from the huge selected pile before me. Mr. Henry James is, however, so unexpected a passenger in this galère that I cannot forbear mentioning the striking little tribute he has paid to England in the leaflet called "The Question of the Mind." It ends with the characteristic passage: "The mind was so drenched with the character, in opposition to the examples in which the character was drenched with the mind, that all one could at the very best feel (though goodness knew indeed it quite sufficed!) was that the value finally run to earth was a value which would do for everything"—the interpretation of which I take to be that England has shown an unsuspected but very efficient fund of strength and resource. Another very striking pamphlet is "The True Pastime," by Mr. Alexander Gray. This is substantially an epitome of "Der deutsche Chauvinismus," a little book by Otfried Nippold, a German professor, published in 1913. Professor Nippold's object was to impress his countrymen with the danger to the peace of Europe involved in the chauvinistic utterances of German newspapers, societies, and prominent individuals. He gives the text of no fewer than 127 of these; and this list, along with Herr Nippold's own remarks, gives Mr. Gray the material for a very significant and arresting brochure. Another recent tractate that Americans might (and should) read with interest is "The Neutrality of the United States," by Prof. J. Shield Nicholson. This opens by explaining that our disappointment over the fact that the sympathy of the United States has not found a more forcible expression in our favor, is largely due to a want of appreciation of the difference between national interests and national sympathies. It closes with something approaching a demonstration that the real ulterior interests of the United States are not (to say the least) incompatible with sympathy for England and her allies.

No less than a million books (chiefly sevenpenny novels) and magazines have been distributed to the soldiers in the camps and trenches by the Camps Library alone; and there are other organizations doing the same kind of work. It is impossible to say how many of them belong to the category of pamphlet; but within the last week or two a new series of pamphlets has been produced expressly for the use of the army and navy. These so-called "Times Broadsheets" consist of "a selection of the best passages, grave and gay, from English verse and prose, printed on fly-leaves or broadsheets," suitable for enclosure in letters and sold for 1d. per set of six. Those already published range from selections from the Bible and Shakespeare to "Bob Acres's Duel" and "Mr. Mantalini at Breakfast," and furnish a most tempting bill of fare to those whose taste or circumstances demand a diet of titbits. The sale of the first series of these broadsheets reached the figure of one million within a week.

In conclusion, it may be noted that the British Government has not disdained to issue penny booklets on such topics as "Why We Must Save, and How"; but possibly this sort of thing may be done even better by the French Government, whose "Livres roses pour la jeunesse" (1d. each) form a quite admirable channel for putting the real issues of the war before the rising generation. Let us hope that the efforts of the "German Bureau for the Enlightenment of Foreign Countries" (*e. g.*, in its "A Dozen of English Sins Against International Law") may be less successful.

VATICAN NOTES—M. LATAPIE'S INTERVIEW—THE POPE AND THE BELLIGERENT POWERS.

By HOMER EDMISTON.

ROME, September 17.

As a consequence of the now famous interview with Benedict XV, by M. Latapie on June 13, which was mentioned in the *Nation's* Summary of the News of July 1, I was afraid I should have to take back all I had written about the Pope's generally benevolent disposition towards the Allies. It will be remembered that this Latapie is a correspondent of the *Liberté*, a Clerical newspaper of Paris, and that among the other strange utterances which he attributed to the Pope were the assertions that the blockade, which has for its object the starving of Germany and Austria, is no more humane than the sinking of the Lusitania; that, as regards the destruction of Louvain and of the cathedral of Rheims, the German apology that the inhabitants of Louvain fired on the German troops and that there was a military watch-tower on the roof of the cathedral, must be borne in mind; and that, to a question in regard to the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, he could only reply that this had happened during the reign of his predecessor.

These statements were not disavowed so soon, nor at first so completely, as the Allies and their sympathizers had hoped, though it afterwards became known that the reason for this was the absence of the Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri. As soon as he returned, which was just a week after the first publication of the interview, he gave an audience to a representative of the *Corriere d'Italia*, a liberalizing Clerical journal of Rome, in which he asserted that Latapie had not in a single point faithfully reproduced, while in some instances he had completely falsified, the Holy Father's meaning. He cited, for example, the Pope's saying, according to Latapie, that he had had a letter from von Bissing, the German Governor of Belgium, containing the assurance that the Germans had committed no act of violence against the Church or its ministers. Cardinal Gasparri said that no such communication, direct or indirect, had ever been received in the Vatican. He also denied the absurd reply to the question about the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, that it all happened in the reign of Pius X, and reproached Latapie for not keeping his promise to submit the text of the interview to the Secretary of State before publication.

But the incident did not end here. On June 28, M. Fernand Laudet, editor of the *Revue Hebdomadaire*, of Paris, and formerly secretary to the French Embassy to the Vatican, had an audience with the Pope in which he was assured that the Sovereign Pontiff loved with a constant affection the "eldest daughter of the Church," and that his neutrality was far from meaning indifference. Laudet also reported him as having said—and his statement met with no subsequent correction or denial—that, although every one knew that the Germans had been guilty of atrocious conduct, it was too much to expect the Pope to condemn explicitly what he knew but vaguely. And about two weeks later Dr. Van den Heuvel, Belgian Minister to the Holy See, not satisfied with Cardinal Gasparri's denials as published in the *Corriere d'Italia*, sent him a memorandum asking for a more definite statement on certain points. Gasparri's reply was given in part to the press, and gave complete satisfaction to the Belgian Minister and to the Allies generally.

"Concerning the question of the neutrality of Belgium," his Eminence wrote, "I am bound to assure you in the most positive manner that the Holy Father did not make the reply which M. Latapie has ventured to invent for his article. The fact of this matter is the following: The Chancellor of the German Empire, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, declared in open Parliament on the 4th of August, 1914, that Germany by invading Belgium violated its neutrality in a manner contrary to the law of nations. Whereas, therefore, in this present conflict, one side usually accuses and the other denies, and for this reason the Holy See, being unable to verify the facts, finds it impossible to pronounce a judgment, in this case the German Chancellor himself admitted that by the invasion of Belgium a violation of neutrality was committed in disregard of international law, in spite of his attempt to justify it by military necessity." As to the maltreatment of Cardinal Mercier and other Belgian ecclesiastics, the Secretary of State averred that, while it was not true that Mercier had, strictly speaking, been put under arrest, he had been interfered with in the exercise of his ministry, whereupon the Holy See had promptly, by diplomatic means, secured the restoration of his liberties; and that after the shooting of the Belgian priests, the destruction of Louvain, and similar barbarities, it had solemnly protested, at the same time doing its utmost to alleviate the condition of the suffering populations.

Finally, the Pope himself has lately sent a letter, published on August 17, to Cardinal Lucon, Archbishop of Rheims, in which he says: "It has been a pleasure and a consolation to us to learn that the commotion produced in France by a newspaper article that has had too wide a publicity, which represented neither our thoughts nor our sentiments, and of which some passages were entirely fictitious, has subsided, that uneasy suspicions have been dispelled, and that peace has been restored to anxious hearts."

Nothing more need be said about this incident except that, curiously enough, the editors of the *Liberté* thought they were doing the Papacy a service by publishing the interview. Their notion was, as appeared from a statement in their issue of June 24, that, owing to the lack of a French diplomatic representative at the Vatican, the Austrian and German Ambassadors could make what statements they chose without fear of contradiction. The object of the publication was to create another argument for the resumption of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See, and this preoccupation may partly account for the slight accuracy with which the interview was reported.

A significant utterance occurred in the Pope's invocation for peace on the first anniversary of the outbreak of the war. After noticing the historical fact that "nations do not die, but, if humiliated and oppressed, bear unquietly the yoke imposed upon them, while

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conspiring for the recovery of their liberties, and hand down from generation to generation a gloomy heritage of hate and vengeance," he goes on to ask, "Why not from now on consider with a clear conscience the rights and just aspirations of nationalities? Why not in a willing spirit begin a direct or indirect exchange of views in order to take account, as far as possible, of those rights and those aspirations, and thus make an end of this terrible conflict, as has already happened in similar cases?" Thus, without mentioning names, the reproof strikes in very high quarters, while it is perhaps worth noting that "just aspirations of nationalities" was precisely the phrase used by the Italian Prime Minister Salandra in setting forth the reasons why his country took part in the war.

In my letter to the *Nation* of December 10, 1914, I had occasion to allude to Pius X's reform of the Roman congregations. "One of the most notable of these changes," I then wrote, "and the one that has perhaps commended itself the least, was the enormously increased importance of the Congregation of the Consistory, which became invested with the nomination of bishops. Before that time the suggestion of candidates for vacant sees, and the collection of information concerning them, was the duty of an officer called Uditore di Sua Santità, who was a titular archbishop residing at the Papal court. This office, naturally left vacant under Pius X, will probably be restored by Pope Benedict."*

This office has indeed been restored in the person of Mgr. Nicolò Marini, Secretary of the Tribunal of the Segnatura, which is the Papal Court of Cassation, made famous by Raphael's frescoes in the room of the Vatican in which it formerly was held. It should be observed that the Court itself was restored by the reform of Pius X, to which I have alluded, and that anciently its Secretary was always Uditore di Sua Santità, or Uditore Santissimo. His function was originally a purely legal one, and it was only by degrees that he came to have the other duty of adviser to the Pope in the nomination of bishops. With the extinction of the Tribunal of the Segnatura, the office remained for this latter purpose alone, and was continued by all the Popes up to Pius X. Benedict XV has for the present invested Mgr. Marini with only the legal attributions of his office, but there is little doubt that he will soon take the nomination of bishops from the Congregation of the Consistory and restore it to the Uditore.

Of the late Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, it may be recalled that after the death of Leo XIII he was considered the most likely candidate for the Papacy after Rampolla. The poor showing he actually made in the Conclave is attributed largely to the injudicious zeal of his friends. Personal jealousies and antipathies are rife in the Roman Curia, and the Cardinals of the Curia were tired of Vannutelli's candidacy before the first ballot was taken.

The diplomatic mission lately sent by Benedict XV to Switzerland had a double object. In the first place, the Vatican feels the need of corresponding more easily and securely with the nunziatures and episcopates of the belligerent Powers; and, secondly, the mission is intended to render effective the Papal initiative for the maintenance of the invalid prisoners sent by the various warring states into Swiss territory. It should be observed that the Italian Government made no objection to the sending and maintenance of this mission.

In regard to the prevalent rumor of an early Consistory, I have good authority for saying that none is likely before November, and that if it takes place then it will probably be private, and will not be signalized by the nomination of either foreign or Italian Cardinals.

*See also my letter to the *Nation* of January 7, 1915.

UNITED STATES OF EUROPE—POOLING THE ISSUES.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, September 25.

The United States of Europe was a favorite dream of Revolutionists of 1848. Not more than the lifetime of a man has passed and long ago the dream faded utterly. Now the disunion of states has broken out worse than ever before. Perhaps the salutary reaction from excess of evil may bring about a revival of the dream and its fulfilment in part.

President Eliot, looking forward from the start, pointed to the extension of the Federal system as a safeguard when war should be over. Last Sunday, John Hodge, Labor member of the House of Commons, spoke to French Socialists of the many things that matter here and now. And these "militants of the Federation of the Seine," as they style themselves, answered with pregnant resolves:

"We hail the grandeur of the military and civil effort of the English nation and its labor class to help France and martyred Belgium repel the invader;

"We affirm the full and entire solidarity of the French proletariat and the English proletariat in the impious war let loose on the world by German Imperialism;

"We declare that we are decided to struggle with our own and other allied nations until German militarism and imperialism have been reduced to impotence and until there are realized the conditions of a just and durable peace which, without annexation or conquest, shall assure the independence of all nations and make possible, in democracy and fraternity, the constitution of the United States of Europe."

Deputy Cachin, of the French Parliament, in the name of his constituents of the Socialist Federation, added that the united action of the two proletariats would outlast the war and grow. In our days of democracy, proletariats and states are one and the same. Dr. Vaillant, also a Deputy, was presiding. He was in at the beginning of the old Internationale. He recalled his first acquaintance with the Englishman who was now interpreting, Adolph Smith, during the storms of the Commune. From the French interpretation, I retranslate a few words of plain-speaking Labor-member Hodge, setting forth his idea that a union of states and peoples is already going on:

"I am a pacifist, but I am not disposed to let myself be crushed by my enemies. They attack me, I defend myself. And, defending ourselves, all civilization rises up together against the menace of barbarism. We do not wish a premature peace, but an entire peace —not conquest, but the liberation of all oppressed peoples. If it must be, my Socialist friends and I will accept compulsory conscription." Then the order of the day was voted with unanimous acclaim, "Affirming the union of English and French proletariats and their resolution to keep on to the very end."

So history repeats itself. Those who forced the issue of secession on our own United States brought about the emancipation of slaves which they most wished to avoid. Those who have planned to profit by the disunion of Europe are welding together against themselves United States of Europe.

It is not Labor Federationists alone who welcome the coming change. At Como, on Friday of this same week, Signor Luzzatti, who is *bourgeois* enough to have set the Italian State on its financial feet in the past, spoke to the French delegates of the Congress for an Economic Entente words prophetic of the future:

"There are moments in history that create new moral forces, moments of great emancipations when peoples give themselves up to sacrifice and death and cast off all their dross and clothe with sunlight splendor whatever is purest and most heroic in their soul. Such moments of grandeur we also know. This war has for its mission to secure the independence of nations, the liberty of nations that are oppressed. But, colleagues of France, before we leave, allow your old friend to offer a counsel which may work as efficaciously in your country as in ours.

"Only lately, German newspapers expressed the cruel hope that our rivalries in the Mediterranean would be for ever the smouldering centre of enmities. We ought here to take the solemn engagement that France and Italy, united with England, have the duty to persist in these beginnings of Mediterranean concord, which are destined to give new splendor to civilization and to traffic new force. France and Italy and England hold like property in the Mediterranean, each with fullest independence occupying herself with the part which interests her in this sea of fate. To this living truth we have given today consciousness more substantial by our conference. Besides the Economic Entente, our international committee shall keep watch assiduously and strike without pity those who try to renew those Mediterranean dissensions which have always spoiled everything. We shall meet again in Paris, we shall meet again in Brussels freed."

In the great days of Transcendentalism, Alcott, who was mainly a talker, defended himself. "Let an idea loose and it will take care of itself!" The Federal idea—United States—had been a care to so many in the past that it was all but given over. Perhaps henceforth it, too, will take care of itself, having been let loose anew by the logic of events.

European peoples are being prepared for it and for the common-sense union of classes which is needed beforehand. Soldier laborers have discovered that their *bourgeois* officer is a *chic type*—and he that they are worthy comrades. French soldiers and British soldiers, since they have been dying together, have learned that they like each other living. Kitchener combines policies with Joffre and Joffre talks momentously with Cadorna. When war is over, public opinion among all these allied peoples will be ready-made to keep on together.

United we stand, divided we fall—

I remember seeing this copybook line embroidered on a prize counterpane at some country fair during our Civil War. It was commonplace and it served a better turn

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than finer drawn verse. So it is now that war has burned into the consciousness of one-half—perhaps, before it is over, of two-thirds—of Europe the same truism, trite no longer.

Putting aside what may be but one more dream of the ages, consider what is likely to be the outcome of all this in concrete reality. What shall this union of European States be?

Socialists fondly work into it what is left of their Internationale, with Republics everywhere. Signor Luzzatti, whose finance has always been matter of fact, does not look further forward than to a "Mediterranean union." It is not the first time he has tried his hand at pooling international issues. Not long before the war, he proposed a pool of the world's gold—a much more surprising and difficult proposition than the pooling of economic issues which is now foreseen.

It is the very division of war which is forcing men's minds towards this continued union. Prussian militarism was fed up on German success in trade, to which nearly all nations had been made tributary. Against this, these would-be United States of Europe have now to take their stand. It is like the early American hunger and thirst for Independence:

> (Your Highness knows our homely word.)
> Millions for self-government,
> But for tribute never a cent.

Poor psychologists as the Germans have shown themselves to be, their practical business men are alive to the danger. This week, too, their responsible delegates have met to consider how best to secure a revival of their trade—when war shall be over—with now belligerent nations. The *Russkovoïe Slowo* has this from a neutral:

"At Berlin and Cologne and Leipzig, there are organized unions to encourage an economic *rapprochement* with Russia. Herr Schumacher, director of the *Fremden Verkehr*, of Leipzig, said to me: 'You are wrong to be astonished at our preparations. We cannot live without Russia nor Russia without us. Peace is indispensable. Do you believe Germany capable of accepting bloody sacrifices endlessly? I am persuaded that peace will be made sooner than Europe thinks. It is true Russia has rejected proudly our offers of peace; but she is also persuaded that we cannot be crushed. Perhaps President Wilson, though he threatens us, will play the part of intermediary.'"

So those who tried to crush others to create a hegemony for themselves have come to this—"Our enemies are persuaded we cannot be crushed!"—and at once begin pleading for a union of states. On the other side of the great gulf dug by their war, we have an honest endeavor to continue in peace the union of the Allies, including the "friendly" nations if they wish to join. This union must take the form of an Economic Entente, which must also embrace labor and emigration, and, owing to the dovetailing of national debts, must include a Financial Entente as well.

It is too soon to surmise what may be the part of the United States of America in all this. Americans are apt to ask suspiciously: "Does that mean we shall have Congress putting through another tariff bill?" No, but it does mean that we shall have no end of new commercial treaties to make.

The New Movement in Poetry

THE SELF-EXPOSURE OF A REACTIONARY CRITIC OF THE IMAGISTES.

By O. W. FIRKINS.

English prosody records the story of three notable revolts—the revolt against parity of line-lengths which reverts to the Middle Ages, the revolt against rnyme which slightly antedates Elizabeth, and the revolt against parity of feet which is scarcely older than the last century. The culmination and combination of these three revolts has declared itself in the unequal line-lengths and the variable feet of the rhymeless prosody of the imagistes. The attempt of prose to put on regularity has met half-way the attempt of poetry to cast it off, and the tendencies have coalesced in a movement to which the example of France has added definite theory and artistic prestige. The philosophic basis that underlies the more typical (not the exclusive) verse-form favored by the imagistes may be briefly stated at the outset of this notice.

I.

Consciousness is a variable, an incessant variable, and the rhythmical expression of its meaning can be confided only to an instrument as supple and versatile as consciousness itself. To say that a given line must be cast in iambic pentameter because iambic pentameter is the metre of the foregoing line or of the body of lines that constitutes the poem, is the culmination of fatuity. The only reason for using that metre anywhere is its relevance to the impetus and import of the specific line or phrase. The correspondence of expression to feeling is no longer the correspondence of tract to tract or block to block; it is the correspondence of particle to particle. No order is to be tolerated that obstructs for a pulse-beat the instant and absolute response of the momentary expression to the momentary thought. Fixed rhythm is routine; fixed rhythm is dogmatism: its relation to the independence of the specific phrase is the relation of militarism to individuality. The philosophic basis of imagiste prosody is consistent, definite, and striking; it is the abolition of the collective order in the interest of the absolute enfranchisement and complete though passing ascendency of each fleeting unit in the individual consciousness:

> Let Hercules himself do what he may,
> The cat will mew.

Objection from certain quarters is imaginable even to these finalities, and I propose to divert my readers with the reply that a defender of use and wont might make to propositions which their own better judgment will perceive at once to be incontestable. Poetry, this reactionary might say, is variation, but variation on a ground of permanence. Passion, of which lyric verse is the scion and the image, while sometimes disorderly in relation to law or morals, is itself a principle of cohesion, order, even of discipline, in relation to the mere vagabondage of a disengaged and desultory consciousness. In spite of the scope it gives to superficial and transitory variation, passion in the form of love, of patriotism, even of avarice, synthetizes and compacts the life; the spray may fall in "wayward indolence," but the billows, even of the storm, are rhythmic. It might be said that the element of permanence in passion found its proper correlate and symbol in the regularity of an unswerving metre, while the element of change was amply taken care of in the variations of pause, inflection, quality, and speed which are to metre what the play of expression is to the lasting substance and unshifting profile of the face. Poetry springs out of the wish to say a particular kind of thing, and therefore the option of saying all kinds of things at any time, however precious in itself, is not relevant to poetry.

II.

I have a certain pleasure in imagining that this conservative, whose foreseen discomfiture imparts a certain pathos to his courage, might go on to tempt fate by the ensuing specifications.

The variations in metre are related to its permanencies as the ivy is related to the stone wall which it overruns and lightly envelops. The wall is stupid in its tedious regularity: the grace, the expression, the spontaneity, of the object are traceable to the roaming shoots and flying tendrils of the lawless and capricious vine. But remove the wall, let the ivy fall sprawling and prostrate, and the grace and expression vanish in the collapse of the soulless structure which their airiness and playfulness had mocked. Deviations in metre are parasitic; they feed on the norm which they violate. Take a stanza from "La Belle Dame Sans Merci":

> I met a lady in the meads,
> Full beautiful—a faery's child,
> Her hair was long, her foot was light,
> And her eyes were wild.

Any competent ear will decide unhesitatingly that nine-tenths of the beauty of this inimitable stanza lies in the irregular anapæst, "And her eyes" (licentiously substituted for the normal iambus) with the glamorous suggestions it artfully elicits from the elvish long vowels in "eyes" and "wild." Now let the reader make two experiments. To understand the witchery of the deviation, let him first normalize the metre by substituting "Her eyes" for "And her eyes." The disenchantment is intolerable. "The sedge is withered from the lake, and no birds sing." But if, further, he wishes to realize the dependence of irregularity on the norm for all its power and seduction, let him revise again; let him smuggle in a single contraband anapæst into the line preceding the fourth, and watch the light and color fade out of the beautiful phrase whose fortunate eccentricity he has just admired.

> I met a lady in the meads,
> Full beautiful—a faery's child,

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Her hair was long, and her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

The reason for the loss of power is unmistakable. Up to the moment of aberration, Keats wrote the stanza in undeviating and unimpeachable iambics, and thus built up, fortified, consolidated, a clear-cut expectation against which the impact and rebound of that unforeseen anapæst defined itself with incomparable force. An imagiste version would differ from the last form only in admitting still further regularities; thus:

In the fields, full beautiful, a faery's child
I met her;
Her hair was long and her foot was lightsome,
And her eyes were wild.

The misadventure of the imagistes lies in the fact that in extending deviation they have annihilated the one point which makes deviation influential or even perceptible—the basis of defined expectation. The variations have consumed the standard; the transgressors have repealed the law. Where all expectation is vague, all unexpectedness is vapid. Meet a libertine in a convent or a priest in a bagnio, and interest is actively aroused; meet either in a street-car, and the encounter is pointless.

III.

I am sure that all my readers will share my disapproval of the headstrong, almost arrogant, bearing of this champion of yesterday, a fault always regrettable in one who argues the wrong side of a case with his betters and doubly offensive when employed against the unaggressive and self-doubting imagists. I understand that he still invites disaster by wishing to assail his opponents on the score of imaginative expression, a point on which the position of the imagistes is impregnable, since it is evident that the rejection of uniformity in metre leaves them free to devote their entire strength to the elaboration of the correspondence between feeling and form.

By imaginative expression (he may be supposed to continue) are meant such adumbrations of reality as we have in Shakespeare's "high and giddy mast," "churlish chiding of the winter's wind," and "sunken wreck and sumless treasuries." Let us show the defencelessness of imagism even in its citadel by setting down a highly imaginative passage, first as Keats wrote it, secondly in a prose, and thirdly in an imagistic, version.

KEATS:

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth.

PROSE:

O for a beaker full of the warm Southland, full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene or Falernian or Chian, with a purple-stained mouth and with beaded bubbles winking at the brim of the chalice!

IMAGISTE:

O for a beaker
Full of the warm South, full of the true, the blushful
Hippocrene with beaded bubbles winking
At the brim, and purple-stained
Mouth beloved by the lips of Olympians.

Now observe one fact. The prose version has lost not only the metrical structure which a true prose could not conscientiously retain, but, keeping intact every phrase that made the poetry delectable, it has watched the charm expire in the wake of the withdrawing metre. The effect in the imagiste version is similar, though the effacement is a trifle less complete. The ground of this phenomenon is not obscure. Between Keats and the reader there existed an understanding which told the reader when and how long to pause, where to quicken or retard the voice, where to expand or attenuate the syllable. That understanding is known as iambic pentameter (with trimeters sparingly interspersed). The reader is too dull to find the imaginative effects for himself in the jungle of prose or the network of imagism, but he is not too dull to find the rhythm, and the matter is so carefully ordered that, in finding the rhythm, he stumbles inadvertently upon the effects. "Follow my road," says Keats, "and you shall see the obelisks and the porticoes." In the prose and imagiste versions, the understanding is revoked; the road is wholly or nearly obliterated, and, though the obelisks and porticos still dot the Campagna, the guideless reader never comes within their range.

The theory of imagism breeds forecasts of incisive and picturesque variety, of darts and sallies, of clashes perhaps and bickerings, such as one dramatizes in some Genoese or Florentine market-place in the bright turbulence of the receding Middle Ages. But the truth is that a metre of this kind cannot be multiplex for the same reason that a liquid cannot be supple; it is not firm enough. The psychology of the transaction is pointed. The cautious reader is afraid of these disparate and dissentient lines. He interposes, therefore, the cushion of a long, ceremonious pause; the movement becomes leisurely and calm; and, by a curious and pungent paradox, the incarnation of the versatile is entrapped by a phase of monotony. An air of dissipation and evanescence is the fitting Nemesis of a rhythm in which repetition and climax make no provision for the storage of metrical effects. Take Mr. Aldington's

O blue flower of the evening
You have touched my face,
With your leaves of silver.

Never was so quiet an innovation made the subject of so clamorous an outcry; the gong has advertised the reed.

There is no reason for disputing the legitimacy of this versification on its own ground. In its proper task of gently laving the imagination, of spraying the consciousness with its dainty syringe, there is no occasion for denying its rights or disputing its capacities. It has a right to its own modest place in a tolerant and balanced commonwealth; its mistake was to unfurl the banner of revolution.

IV.

I must own that I have listened to this invective with diminishing forbearance. The insolence of this upstart in palming off his own travesty of Keats as *imagiste poetry* is trying even to my veteran patience, and should debar him from the honor of refutation at the hands of any self-respecting imagiste. The only atonement I can make to the persons whose time he has ruthlessly squandered is to invite their participation in the spectacle of the speedy completion of his self-disgrace.

The psychology of imagism (I again dramatize the opinions of our adversary) contains matter of undoubted interest. Not the least conspicuous of its traits is the supineness or passivity of the attitude which the faithful assume in relation to the overshadowing or incumbent universe. They have the air of patients, of people under treatment; they *undergo* the things which other men observe or contemplate. In watching the shadows of the clouds, the long, still grass, or "the rose and white colour of the smooth flagstones," they remind us of persons taking a medicated bath. A polite inquiry as to their health and spirits seems the appropriate sequel to their emergence from the ordeal.

Another point of interest is the extraordinary detachment and solitude of the beings subjected to this curious regimen. The loneliness in which they dwell is almost polar; they are exiles who have actually accomplished the traditionally impossible feat of fleeing from themselves. One feels the futility of ransacking city directories or parish registries or voting lists in quest of an evidence of sonship or fatherhood or citizenship or occupation on the part of these landless and homeless men. They are not substances in their own right; they are receivers of sensation, leaves of a scratch-blank torn out by Nature for the hasty jotting of a casual memorandum. The man has vanished; what is left is a retina.

But this is only half the story. The solitude above described is not restricted to the observer; the object likewise is a drifting, homeless, expatriated thing. It is destitute alike of a place in a charter globe and a function in a civilized order. It has no history, no prospects, no causes, no sequels, no associations, no cognates, no allies. As the man is abridged into mere vision, the object contracts into pure visibility.

The results of this double shrinkage are peculiar. In this convergence of the power to see with the faculty of being seen, we have an encounter as strange and fantastic as the inosculation of two mouths from which the bodies on either side have been supernaturally detached. We do not get emotions: an emotion is part of a rich contexture and varied aggregate called life. We do not even get things: a thing is a part of a concerted whole and complex fabric called a cosmos. What we do get is the sensation that holds these opposites together, and a sensation in

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the absence of its cognates is about as significant as a hyphen still visible in a parchment from which the words it linked have been hopelessly effaced. One recalls the teaching of those contemporary philosophers who place the core of reality in the flux to the depression or subordination on either side of the cosmic aggregate and the human personality.

The want of self-direction, of story, evolution, climax, in the typical poems of the group allies itself naturally with the foregoing traits. The reservation implied in "typical poems" is imperative. Justice to the delicate talents of which Miss Amy Lowell and Mr. Ezra Pound have been in some respects the thriftless and impolitic custodians exacts the confession that there are phases of their work in which the recession of the imagiste ideal gives space and freedom for the cult of better things. Miss Lowell, indeed, expressly declines to be included by any school; the inclusiveness is all the other way. With all due candor in the allowing of exceptions, it may nevertheless be said that the failure of imagiste poems to "arrive" seems ominous of the destiny of their creators. What the poetry lacks is *reference*. In the adaptation of consciousness to ends, if evolution be correct in its seizure of their psychology, the barnacle or the polypus might give lessons to the aimless imagistes. The difference between the Wordsworthian and Emersonian brand of contemplation and that which flourishes in their circle is the difference between a gaze and a stare. They have intentness without intention: fixedness without clear choice. They furnish roadway but no route, or, as Richard Burton pointedly remarked, a sentence without a predicate. Their concision is the proper accompaniment of the stress they lay on the self-enclosing, self-sufficing flake or globule of experience. Consciousness resolves itself into a succession of insulated, needle-like punctures which approximation or articulation would but dull.

Let me take advantage of the pause for breath which his own violence forces upon our perspiring opponent to remark that his patronage of Miss Lowell and Mr. Pound has the merit of achieving the same level of taste as that displayed by the remainder of his diatribe. The imagistes can readily understand, moreover, that, in the trim little reticule of his spinsterly universe, he should see only anarchy in any finer order which might threaten to displace the immemorial relations of the card-case and the smelling-bottle. But, by all means, let him proceed with his philippic.

V.

It is sometimes thought (so the conservative may be presumed to continue) that the imagistes are distinguished for concreteness. Now, it is quite true that when one turns to the "Irradiations" of Mr. John Gould Fletcher, for example, one finds, in lazy and florid abundance, picture-words, mention of fountains, houses, grasses, trees, and especially of clouds, for which, as the most unattached and disengaged of natural objects, Mr. Fletcher cannot repress a fraternal tenderness.* But let us not be misled. The concrete, as a literary virtue, is not primarily the material, the sensible, the objective. A rock, a star, a lyre, a cataract, do not, except incidentally and indirectly, owe their command of our sympathies to the bare power of evoking reactions in a series of ocular envelopes or auditory canals. Their power lies in their freightage of association, in their tactical position at the focus of converging experience, in the number and vigor of the occasions in which they have crossed and recrossed the palpitating thoroughfares of life. It is not in its *material*, but in its *historical*, aspect that the empire of the imagination is remitted to the concrete. A babe's formless scrawl on one side of a scrap of yellowed paper is as concrete, in the technical sense, as the seal of Cavour or the autograph of Leopardi on the other; but sense-impressions are poetically valuable only in the measure of their power to procreate or re-create experience. The divination of etymology teaches us that the concrete is "grown together" with the fibre and substance of authentic life, while estrangement from the normal interests of mankind is suggested in the very texture of the word "abstract."

Now, it is this segregation from the normal activities and sensibilities of life—just identified with the essence of abstraction—which stamps the psychology of the typical imagiste. The concrete as a means of tapping our reservoirs, of subsidizing the present from the accumulations of the past, is clearly useless to writers whose object is to give to each new experience an Adamitic simplicity and independence. Hence the singular association of profusion and vacuity in their performance. The concrete, in their rhapsodies, is the mirage that spans the desert.

There is one possibility which cannot fairly be left out of the reckoning by any impartial judge, or even any upright assailant of the new school. They might respond to the foregoing strictures in a fashion parallel to Napoleon's "Je suis ancêtre." They might assert the plenitude of their relation to vital and rational experience, declaring at the same time that that relation was not hereditary but ancestral, that they renounce indebtedness to the past to become the creditors of the future. May they not be breaking into new fields whose so-called abnormality is only the biting comment of destiny on the rawness and barbarism of contemporary man? To this we may reply by a supposition. A Spanish muleteer looking over the shoulder of Averroës, while that scholar perused an epistle in Arabic, would have no right to conclude that the contents was unexciting because his ignorance was baffled by the script. But the face of man is legible even when his writing is obscure. If the reading was unattended by smile or frown, the curled lip, or the kindling eye, if the language of emotion in which all men are scholars were replaced by a dull composure or an unmeaning stare, even the muleteer would be justified in concluding that the letter had no message for the heart. It is their own impassivity that convicts the imagistes.

VI.

A question akin to the problem of concreteness must be dismissed with a still briefer answer. Are these writers realistic? There appears to be some modest evidence for the affirmative. Miss Lowell's neighbor is fat and has a bald head: Mr. Hueffer's "eight driblets of water" gurgle and drain out of "eight leaden pipes" in a ball which is itself encircled by exactly "eight lead and copper bands." Mr. Fletcher, when he tires momentarily of watching "the crimson peonies explode in the humid gardens of his soul," recruits himself by an inventory of the "straw, chaff, old bottles, broken crates" that litter the sands. The hopefulness which these symptoms must arouse in all true votaries of modernity is a little belied by a view of the product of the school in the aggregate. Pulverize life and grind imagism in a mortar, and similarities will undoubtedly be found in the resultant dust-grains. But realism is a question not so much of the *material* as of the *order* of life, and were the identities in matter much more frequent than they really are, the abrogation of the natural order would quash the claims of the imagistes to any share in the assets or liabilities of genuine realism. Again, the ground of realism is community of experience. A world in which all men's universes were totally dissimilar would afford no foothold for realism, however punctilious might be each man's transcript of the data furnished by his insular experience. Not the veritable merely, but the verisimilar and the verifiable, is demanded by the realistic principle. The very danger of that movement is found in its temptation to fall back upon the primitive in its quest of the universal. It follows that a school which aims to isolate rather than combine, which reserves its enthusiasms for the peculiar, the unshared, the remote, the inaccessible, has no standing in the realistic court. If the imagistes had profited by the example as much as they have rejoiced in the encouragement of Miss Harriet Monroe, they might have learned how readily a humane and catholic responsiveness to the varied amplitude of life may blend itself with receptiveness to radical ideas, and even with a taste for experiments in metre.

VII.

In conclusion, certain strong analogies between the form and the contents of imagism must be lightly touched. The small, particular unit dominates the versification; the brief, concentrated impression governs the experience. As imagism rejects continuous rhythm, which is the assertion of the control of the whole over the parts in prosody, so it rejects structure, which is the assertion of the same control in rhetoric. The metre is standardless and the thought is undirect-

*Irradiations: Sand and Spray. By John Gould Fletcher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

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ed. As vast theoretic command of variety in the prosody does not preclude its capture by monotony in practice, so the claim of universal freedom for the thought is found compatible with great, practical restrictions in the domains both of treatment and of matter. Metre and substance are like in their freedom to do anything, and their wish to do little. As imaginative power is denied to versification which strains every nerve in the pursuit of expressiveness, so imaginative clearness is vainly sought in a treatment which advertises its stress on the concrete and the pictorial.

My power of comment on this crude invective is merged in thankfulness for its cessation. So consummate an exhibitor of his own follies robs his critics of their opportunity.

Notes from the Capital

GOVERNOR OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD.

Before we get through with the various projects for raising additional revenue, now under consideration by the Administration, we shall probably hear more than heretofore of one of the few men in Washington who can accomplish a large quantity of important work with so little noise in the process that we well-nigh overlook their connection with it. Just at present he is paying close attention to another class of financial problems, for he is Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, and was chosen for that position because the system under which the Board operates is not only rather intricate, but still in its experimental stage, and a man was needed at its head who combined knowledge and experience with uncommon resourcefulness. His name is Charles Sumner Hamlin, and he hails, as one might guess from this fact, from the old Bay State. He was one of the little group of young men of spirit and antecedents whom Grover Cleveland inspired with a desire to take a turn in the public service; and in 1893, when he had been only ten years out of college, he was called to become an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Carlisle.

It is characteristic of Hamlin's methodical ways that, having been consulted almost continually during the framing of the Federal Reserve act, he should have put in his spare hours preparing a card index covering every feature, large or small, of that measure, so that to-day he holds the eel of banking by the tail. The same trait manifested itself at the outset of his political career, when, knowing that public speaking would have to be one of his weapons, but that he had an insufficient voice and would be thrown into a blue funk by heckling, he put himself at the disposal of the Massachusetts Democratic State Committee with the express stipulation that they would send him to speak, not in large cities and to fine audiences, but at the remoter points where only from ten to one hundred persons could be counted on at a meeting. That is the sort of audience that puts an orator's powers to the supreme test, as every one who has any experience at campaigning will testify. Hamlin met his ordeal manfully, and with profitable results. His voice is not yet mighty, but it is trained to the highest efficiency that nature will permit, and quizzing interruptions have ceased to terrify him.

The tariff has been a special hobby of Hamlin's from the day of his graduation at Harvard. Of course he is a reformer, and President Cleveland's message of 1887 sounded for him the very keynote of pure Democracy. His enthusiasm for its subject-matter, moreover, was heightened by the circumstance that its author was conciously courting political ruin in listening to the dictates of conscience rather than the whispers of expediency, for there was a strong strain of hero-worship in Hamlin. Incidentally to his study of the tariff as a revenue-producer, which took on fresh energy thereafter, he was able to bring his ingenuity to bear upon the question of how to make the collection of Federal taxes most workable, and did it with so much effect that the Republican Senate leader, Nelson W. Aldrich, needing a collaborator on an administrative bill, took this robust young Democrat into partnership for the job, ignoring his party affiliations for the sake of his special knowledge and capacity. But a yet greater compliment awaited him; for the High Priest of Protection, President McKinley, having observed his management of affairs as one of Cleveland's Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, gave him an urgent, though vain, invitation to remain in office.

All of which indicates that Hamlin has tact. He has, and affability, a comely face, good taste in dress, a knowledge of the piano, and a fair singing voice besides. With this equipment, it is not strange that he is a social favorite, and accomplishes diplomatically what he might never attain by a colorless discussion. How far he carries the graces of polite intercourse is illustrated by an incident of his Treasury days in Cleveland's time. A man with flowing side-whiskers entered the Assistant Secretary's office one morning without the customary ushering by the messenger posted at the door. His broad brow, the iron gray of his hair, the sweep of his black frock coat, and his air of being at home anywhere, marked him, in Hamlin's eyes, as unquestionably a distinguished member of the Canadian Ministry who had been for some time expected in Washington for a conference on international issues. Hamlin cut short a letter he was dictating, and advanced with hand outstretched, a most effusive smile, and cordiality enveloping him like a cloud, to greet his guest, who, being stone deaf, found it difficult to respond to these flattering overtures in appropriate terms. But he did understand the virtue of brevity in explaining one's errand in a Government department. He was the official clock-winder of the Treasury, and he had called to make sure that the timepiece on Hamlin's mantel was running right!

The Governor of the Reserve Board must often bless the stars that blinked upon his christening. To bear about the surname of a noted Vice-President, linked with both names of a majestic Senator, must keep before him a pretty stiff ideal to live up to; but how would he have liked it if his sponsors in baptism had taken a fancy to perpetuate in him one or more of the names his Revolutionary ancestor, Major Eleazer Hamlin, bestowed on four sons: Europe, Asia, Africa, and America? TATTLER.

Varieties of Realism

By H. W. BOYNTON.

Breaking-Point. By Michael Artzibashef. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The Genius. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Co.

The Song of the Lark. By Willa S. Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

It is the fashion just now to discredit the word "realism" as a shabby counter of speech possessing little or no intrinsic value. In so far as it confounds reality with mere detail, truth with fact for fact's sake, it is contemptible enough. But such confusion may as readily stultify any other term, "veritism" or what not, which we may try to substitute for it; and a term we need. That airy nothing to which the poet gives a local habitation and a name thereby becomes an embodiment of reality; and so may the "slice of life" in the hands of a creative artist. In most novels of high merit, as in other works of art, both processes are involved. But they remain distinct processes; when in a given work one or the other conspicuously prevails, it is convenient to use such labels as "romantic" or "realistic."

These three novels belong pretty clearly to the second order. They are all strongly bound to fact, though in different ways. In "Sanine" M. Artzibashef conveys an impression of a force often morbid and brutal, but still a force. "Breaking-Point" is a disheartening example of that frantic and unfruitful pessimism to which the Russian realist has so often descended. This nightmare of lust and despair and death is the more dreadful because of the intellectual energy relentlessly devoted to its weaving. The persons themselves, a galley of lost souls, harrow us because, despite their manias, their vices, their paltriness of conduct, we cannot quite turn away from them as inhuman. And their humanity is not that of piteous ignorance. They think, they philosophize, their minds torment them with the consciousness of their own enormity. And the upshot of the thinking is that life has no distinguishable meaning, and the sooner one is rid of it the better.

The scene is laid in a provincial village among the Steppes, remote, forlorn, shrouded in dust. It has its wretched little society, its handful of merchants and manufacturers, its garrison which is a grave for military ambition. There are also a few attendant figures, Tchish the tutor, old Arnoldi the physician, and an unexplained exile or two from the larger world, of whom young Dchenieff the painter is chiefly important. A perilous place: there are warnings from the outset: "It is in such a gray hamlet," reads the first page, "rather than among blossoming trees, sun-lit mountain peaks, the azure of the sky, or in the midst of cities, that those terrible thoughts must be born which later enter the world to creep across her face like the pale portentous ghost of death." The dwellers in this fated spot

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have been going on through the years like dingy mechanisms, to all appearance, but each under his own strain of boredom: finding momentary relief now and then in drink, or sex, or games, but unconsciously approaching the "breaking-point" which in the end is to be signalized by a very orgy of self-destruction. The author declares in the beginning that he does not hold them responsible: "The human will is incapable of changing in any minute detail what Life has ordained." Puppets, then, are these, but puppets tortured by self-consciousness and the phantom of volition. Gleams of fine feeling they have—old Arnoldi, with his belated and hopeless passion for a dying woman; Ryskoff, with his devotion to poor Nelly: they are only gleams. Steadily the victims march towards those final pages along which their dead bodies are to be strewn thicker than the last-act corpses of a tragedy of blood. Among these gloomy figures Dchenieff the artist maintains his bad eminence in the affairs of love. Nelly, Genitchka, Lisa—so runs the pitiful list of his victims—dust in his mouth. "I don't believe anybody does believe in anything," he cries before he shoots himself: "either God, or the devil, or humanity, or in ideals of beauty and truth. And nobody cares for life, nobody loves Nature or mankind."

Requiescat Dchenieff! He has lived under a heavy handicap, for was he not an artist, of that celebrated tribe born without backbones and seldom achieving them? At least he lived long enough to see himself for what he was. We may rightly prefer him to Mr. Dreiser's "genius," who, reduced from the multitudinous facts in which his author envelops him, is a bounder pure and simple, a genius by sheer assertion. Often as, in the course of these seven hundred closely printed pages, we are assured of Eugene Witla's brilliant mind and charming manner; there is nothing that he says or does which enlightens or fascinates us in the smallest degree. If a duller fellow ever lived in a book, we have never met him. As for his character of Lothario, it would be hard to imagine a practitioner of more primitive methods: he is a drummer in a frock coat, a Don Juan of the streets. On the whole, his morals are less distressing than his manners, since he is supposed to be a gentleman, or as near as we can get to it, in America. His father, to be sure, is a sewing-machine agent in an Illinois town; but his author believes him to have outgrown that, early in his career. The course of that career we cannot here trace in detail—it has been done by Mr. Dreiser, Heaven knows! Eugene Witla has an early knack at drawing. While still a boy he goes to Chicago, and presently becomes staff artist on a minor newspaper. His editors and associates tell him how remarkable he is and urge him to find something bigger in New York. He consents, and has not been in New York long when he wins fame as painter of a series of city scenes. He is hailed as a genius, and his road to success appears secure. But in the meantime (after, and contingent with, several amours) he has married, and his sexual life saps his powers. He becomes a neurasthenic, can do no work, and as a last resort becomes a manual laborer at 15 cents an hour. A year or two later he is able to draw again, and finds a position with an advertising "firm"; one step leads to another, and in no time at all he is in control of a great publishing business at a salary of $25,000. Unluckily, he always has an amour or two in hand, and presently one of them threatens a scandal, and makes him neglect his business; so he loses the job. His wife dies in giving birth to a daughter (all recent records in obstetrical data are here broken). We leave him sentimentally dallying with Christian Science, mysticism, fatherhood, and art. "What a sweet welter life is," he murmurs, as for the last time he runs his hand through his hair, "how tender, how grim, how like a colorful symphony." Welter is the word for such life as is here painted—and romantic welter, that is the funny thing. Stripped of their patiently amassed and chiefly meaningless details, these pages give a record of the paltry business and sex adventures of a common little hero of amatory romance. Far enough this from the sincere realism of a "Sister Carrie" or a "Jennie Gerhardt," in which Mr. Dreiser was working upon his own last.

If one were to ask me for an example of sound and creative realism, I could suggest nothing better, among all the attempts which have been made within recent years, than Miss Cather's new story. "O Pioneers!" was a book of uncommon sincerity and power. This strikes even deeper, and will, we think, carry farther. One episode—Thea's three weeks' relation with Fred—will attract more attention from a certain class of readers than all the rest of the story. It is novel in fiction rather than in fact, and has here, convention to the contrary, the place which such episodes have so frequently in real life: it *is* an episode, important, but not determining or even focal.

In this book Miss Cather also has attempted that most dangerous of feats—to trace the genesis of genius. How many prima donnas alive have recent novelists alleged in vain! They were either merely pretty women forced to pretend that they were the idols of two continents, or viragos under the same compulsion. The roots of genius, its growth as a creative force (as against a factor of public "stunts")—how often have they been successfully studied in literature? Thea Kronborg we believe in. She triumphantly refutes the legend of the invertebrate artist. She becomes a great singer not only because she is born with the gift, but because she has the strength to develop it. And (the distinctive idea in the book) that strength of hers is rooted in the soil. To Moonstone, the little Colorado town in which her childish life had once appeared so limited—to her mother, her Mexican friends, poor old Wunst—to the place itself, the ground upon which it stood, the air it breathed, Kronborg the great singer was to trace back the stream of her powers, as to an only possible source. "Nearly all my dreams, except those about breaking down on the stage, or missing trains, are about Moonstone," she says to her old friend Dr. Archie. "You tell me the old house has been pulled down, but it stands in my mind, every stick and timber. . . . That's the house I rest in when I'm tired. . . ."

And these people of Miss Cather's!—not an artificial or strained figure among them—Thea's mother, her rather disagreeable family, Archie, Fred Ottenburg, Harsanyi the pianist, Bowers the time-serving singing teacher—they are all actual persons of our acquaintance; and they all have their natural places in the action, quiet as it is. It is a story of something better than suggestiveness and charm—a thing finished, sound, and noble.

Correspondence.

THE HAITIAN PROTECTORATE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Ten years ago Mr. Roosevelt, with his characteristic high-handedness, quite without the advice and consent of the Senate, and without any adequate public discussion, established a financial Protectorate over Santo Domingo. A Democratic Administration is now engaged in a similar enterprise in Haiti, and as before, makes its arrangement by a sort of autocratic "Order in Council," as Prussia might do, and without taking the time to wait for the slightest constitutional debate or vote in the Senate. We have now on our hands a miniature war in Haiti, and are requiring our soldiers to shoot the natives of the island, who suppose themselves to be defending their country against invasion. What conduct could be more undemocratic and "un-American"!

Have we not here under way one of those silent trains of precedents which, as history shows, like a great tidal drift, may alter and revolutionize the character of a Government? Grant, if you will, that the course of our Government, however arbitrary and wilful it is, may be beneficent; suppose, also, that we may be sure, as we are not now sure, that this action is free of any sinister and selfish commercial interests, or any taint of contempt for a colored people; the fact remains that we are entering upon a line of conduct, fraught with momentous possibilities, involving the chances of vast extension and great expense, of continual friction within a given Protectorate and of collision with foreign Powers, without the slightest thought on the part of the American people and without information to guide our way.

What is the nature of a Protectorate? Sir John Macdonnell aptly says in the Encyclopædia Britannica in the summary of his answer to this question: "The fact is that, in the case of protectorates over uncivilized or semi-civilized countries, a development is inevitable: control quickly hardens into conquest and international law more and more takes account of this fact." Do we really wish to take over one state after another by any form of ultimate conquest? Is it not really a very effective form of control, when you annex the Treasury and Custom Houses

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of a state, and keep battleships in its harbors to suppress insurrection?

If we ought to do this sort of thing, on what ground are we doing it? Is it by reason of our benevolence? Is it because we have done so handsomely at home in securing our people in "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" that a duty is imposed upon us, after the Prussian scheme, to extend our system over other people, and even to be prepared to kill them if they resent our control?

Do we not here touch close to great issues, far more important to our destiny and the welfare of mankind than most of the questions (including the tariff), on which our old parties are supposed to be divided? Thus, it will be said that we must be tax-collectors in West India Island and other states "for the sake of the Monroe Doctrine." But the deeper question follows: What is the Monroe Doctrine to-day? Who can tell us what it means, and what it involves, and why we must bow down to it like an idol? Is it an instrument of national safety, or, rather, a point of rather perilous friction? Is it in any way philanthropic, or is it not a counsel of selfishness, and very unwise selfishness at that? Is it for the good of the people of America, or rather for the benefit of certain exploiting interests? Do the people of the A B C Powers desire it? Is it not fairly outgrown, and is it not now time frankly to put an end to it? We seem to need wise and disinterested public men to advise us. Never was there a time when a just and humane national policy was so needful.

Is it not, then, time to remonstrate with a government which in a typical instance of such moment as the case of Haiti is seen drifting in the wake of Mr. Roosevelt's most dubious conduct, opportunist and yet arbitrary, while the people are at sea as regards any knowledge of what policy in its dealings with neighboring nations the United States ought to follow, and on what rational grounds our policy is based? With one kind of policy we are likely to be handicapped for an unknown period with increasing military expense and with the arrogant behavior which calls for armies. Do we desire the policy of a "Great Power"? On the other hand, we could adopt a policy which would put us in the lead of the world in the terms of humane civilization. If we reason and think and discuss we can have the latter. If we and those who guide our affairs at Washington merely drift, as we are drifting at present, how can we help the direful consequences of our negligence? CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., September 30.

UNFAIRNESS AND BIAS OF WILSON, HIS CABINET, AND OTHER PRO-ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: After glancing over your correspondence column, I cannot refrain from hurriedly writing down a few incoherent thoughts in reference to "standing by the President and presenting the case of the other side."

It is doubtless true that we should stand by the President and his Cabinet, especially so at this critical time; but our doing so does not blind us who are fair, honest, and just from criticising deliberate acts and expressions of unfairness to a people who are entitled to at least equal consideration. The old saying that a dog knows whether he has been kicked at or stumbled over is quite true with the Germans. Every open-minded American knows that Wilson and his Cabinet have been as favorable to England as they dare be—even before this great war. Time and space will not permit of details were it necessary; fair Americans are convinced of this fact; and pro-English cannot and will not be convinced. Their minds are closed to all arguments, if any were needed for demonstration. If you please just one concrete instance, the billion-dollar loan, the blockade of lawful American commerce. Reverse this situation and Wilson would consider these to be unfriendly and unneutral.

Doubtless many have heard the remark that the other side has never presented its case—has never had a convincing argument. The other side thought that the plain statement was all that was necessary in the first instance; later, however, discovered that it was presenting its case to the lonely winds of the desert of Sahara so far as its material purpose was concerned; for it discovered that the audience through bias, passion, and prejudice had the characteristics of those who have ears and hear not.

J. A. BAER.

Milwaukee, Wis., October 6.

THE EARLY WRITINGS OF WALT WHITMAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In collecting materials for a study of the early life and writings of Walt Whitman I have unearthed a considerable mass of new material. May I have space in your columns to enumerate some of the more important of these fugitive pieces, with the hope that any of your readers who may have knowledge of others will be good enough to let the existence of such writings, whether in verse or in prose, be known?

In the *Democratic Review* for March, 1842, Whitman published, over the pen name of "John Quod," a Dickensesque story called "The Burglars." In November of the same year this magazine presented a novelette in seven chapters designed to aid the propaganda for the abolition of capital punishment. It was entitled "Harry Blake; A Story of Circumstantial Evidence, founded on fact." The same *nom de plume* is used. Later Whitman reprinted the story as a serial in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. The *American Review* for November, 1845, contains "Tear Down and Build Over Again," a brief essay on the destruction of historic buildings in New York. Two poems appeared in the *Eagle* during Whitman's editorship; first, a descriptive poem in conventional form called "The Play-Ground"; and second, an "Ode —to be sung on Fort Greene; 4th of July, 1846." The former of these appeared in the issue of June 1, and the latter in that of July 2, 1846. The second volume (January-June, 1848) of the *Union Magazine* has "The Shadow and the Light of a Young Man's Soul," a sketch evidently reflecting Whitman's experience as a boy school-teacher on Long Island. I have also discovered what I believe to be the earliest extant portrait of Whitman, which shows him as a well-dressed, black-haired school-teacher beside the schoolhouse in which he taught. Of other writings which appeared from Whitman's pen in the New Orleans *Daily Crescent*, in 1848, I have written in the current number of the *Yale Review*.

I particularly desire to see a copy of the *Long Islander*, published by Whitman at Huntington, L. I., in 1838-9, and of the Brooklyn *Daily Freeman*, published, off and on, in 1848 and 1849.

R. EMORY HOLLOWAY.

Adelphi College, Brooklyn, October 5.

THE JUBILEE "NATION."

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: May I be allowed to add my small voice to the chorus of praise that has greeted the fiftieth anniversary of the *Nation*?

My father, Gen. J. D. Cox, was an intimate friend and sincere admirer of its editors and a frequent contributor to its columns from the earliest numbers until his death in 1900. The voluminous correspondence between him and Mr. Garrison is an illuminating record of the impact of two great minds, often differing in opinions and tastes, but always rejoicing in one another. Among my own treasures are two of Mr. Garrison's letters to my father, one relating to an article which I wrote at the ripe age of seventeen and which my father sent to Mr. Garrison for criticism, and the other on the occasion of my marriage. I might be said to have been "brought up" on the *Nation*, and it has always stood to me for all that is highest and best in journalism. It has followed us in all our many wanderings, and by sharing it with fellow-exiles of many nationalities, we have left other admirers and "constant readers" in remote and out-of-the-way corners of the world. Since the European war began, I know of no other journal to compare with it on either side of the Atlantic.

It is not only the men of America who owe to the *Nation* their broader and saner political outlook and their keener appreciation of the best in literature and art, the women, also, have many of them been formed in its fine school, and one of these gratefully acknowledges her debt. HOPE COX POPE.

Montevideo, Uruguay, September 14.

DEMOCRACY AND THE UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: The case of Scott Nearing at the University of Pennsylvania, the summary dismissal of Professor Brewster by the University of Colorado, and the wholesale removal of teachers by the University of Utah bring painfully to mind the problem of the university. There are few other problems of more transcendent importance to us if we are to make this country more of a democracy. One of the great causes of the present German madness is the suppression of free teaching in all their great universities. In this way almost all of the articulate classes in that country were brought into unanimous support of the "might" theory of government.

It is the might theory of social control that underlies the actions of the trustees of the universities whose teachers have been so severely disciplined in recent months. All unknown to the great body of the American people the authorities of many of our greater training schools have come to claim for themselves and through themselves for the community the same directing powers which made all Germany a unit behind the Kaiser. It is a subtle process. Personal interests, the sense of class superiority, and the

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natural fears of radical popular movements all conspire to make successful business men and representatives of the greater religious denominations distrust teachers and other leaders who claim for themselves the right to speak their minds freely on social and religious questions.

It has always been thus in this country, and the denial of freedom of speech has always paralleled over-developments of conservative group interests. Notwithstanding the positive guarantees of the Federal Constitution, the Federalist party, when the radical influences of democracy threatened the existing social order, denied freedom of speech and imprisoned men for no other reason than that they criticised the social order, the dominant party, and its allies. Although Jefferson was one of the greatest protagonists of freedom of speech, and the Constitution of Virginia assured the right of free speech to every citizen, he, as rector of the University of Virginia, was compelled by the dominant religious influences of the time to dismiss the first and greatest professor engaged to teach in the new university. With shame and regret he did it, for the new teacher was not only one of the most learned men of his day, but a personal friend of the ex-President. He yielded against his better judgment; but had he not yielded, the funds for the University itself would have been denied him. The conservative forces of Virginia society had gained control, and the exponents of these forces could not easily be denied their wants.

It was Thomas Cooper, the co-worker of Priestly and the discoverer of hydrogen, who was thus prevented from teaching chemistry in Virginia. But in South Carolina the love of learning was stronger at that time than the fear of democracy, and the trustees of the State University made Cooper president a year later, 1820. But fourteen years afterward, when religious orthodoxy became the rule in that community and owners of plantations began to fear the dangers of free speech, Cooper was dismissed at the age of seventy-six, although it must be said that the aged scientist was still employed by the State, which desired to avoid the appearance of turning an old man out to die.

These facts are cited to show how much more powerful is public opinion, when directed by the well-to-do and the conservative leaders of society, than is any State or national guarantee of individual rights. Between 1840 and 1860 no college teacher in the South could proclaim disagreeable doctrines and hold his position. There, as in modern Germany, the masterful property interests had gained complete control of the machinery of the common life and legal declarations gave way. The result for the South was not unlike what is certain to be the fate of Germany, for one can hardly imagine that the whole world is to become indoctrinated with the theory of might.

Since the end of the Civil War the masterful elements of Northern society have been uniting the more closely as they have become more powerful. The freedom of speech which the Republican party demanded in 1856 is now denied by the leaders of that party, and it is the same with the Democratic party, in so far as the representatives of great wealth affiliate with its organization. This means that the same sort of social power is now seeking to regulate the affairs of our common life which regulated so effectively the life of the old South and which speaks so powerfully from the battlefields of Europe.

Do we mean to say now that our university teaching shall be free, that all scientific men, all historians shall really enjoy the protection of State and national guarantees of freedom of speech? If there is an effective public opinion behind a demand like this, university teaching may become the most important thing in the country, for expert opinion in the social sciences does not accord with the views which are now the canons of action in many of our leading communities. College professors may not be capable of self-government, and I suspect that most men who have the responsibility of directing the affairs of our universities really think them not equal to this rather elemental task; but they think, nevertheless, that it is most unwise to leave the direction of national life in the hands of those whose personal interests run counter to those of the majority of the people.

Holding this view, their notion of a well-ordered society is that every social organization should supply at all times the means of correction necessary to prevent its running "amuck." Who is in a better position to supply the corrective than the trained man of the university? He is, as a rule, not well-to-do; yet he is not, as Bismarck asserted, a member of the proletariat. The college professor loves the truth as much as others, and he understands better than most how difficult it is to know the truth, to ascertain what are the facts of a given situation; and his opinion, if invited and respected till a better be found, would doubtless become a valuable social asset.

The problem is to mobilize under existing circumstances the university forces. While some teachers "go off half-cocked," and some, doubtless, undermine in their classrooms the respect of the young for some of the conventions of modern life, the great majority are cautious, sober, and thoughtful, desirous of improving the conditions of life for all and not too snobbish to favor a real democracy in this country. But how can the teacher aid the public if his calling is to be regarded as closely akin to that of the mendicant, if the trustees of the institution in which he works treat him with a good-natured contempt, if the great class which the trustees represent look upon him as an inferior, and if the president of the university is to enjoy two, three, or four times the income of the scientific discoverer? The young are always imitative. How shall the rising generation be led to examine the facts of life fairly if their teachers are only "hired men"?

Not that it is any disgrace to be a hired man, but that we are all taught to think so. It is not going to be an easy task to make the university specialist a great social asset if we have already made up our minds that he is only a purveyor of certain information necessary to make one a fit member of "good society." Even in Germany the professor is more than that. He is an instrument of the Government in the conquest of the world.

Until we attempt to revolutionize the opinion of well-to-do people, of business men, for business men direct the life of the country, we might as well cease to revile the crude trustees in Pennsylvania and Colorado for removing teachers who criticise their way of doing things. Trustees may have too much power, but the public has given that power. Whether a university be directed by State authorities, by a religious denomination, or by a self-perpetuating board, the result is the same, and the same kind of men are found on all governing boards, that is, they believe in the methods and in the ideals of successful business men.

Is a great banker or a rich meat-packer peculiarly qualified for determining what shall be taught in universities, who shall be engaged as teachers, and whether the constitutional guarantees of free teaching shall be suspended? Is not such a one disqualified by the very processes of his mind, by his innate fear of change, to determine these most important of social functions? A governing board of a university should perhaps not have the authority to determine these questions. A group of teachers might be better qualified to exercise some of the powers in question, though this raises the difficulty of a self-perpetuating group.

If college professors are not to be allowed to decide what shall be taught, who shall teach, and when teachers become unfit for their important task, might it not be possible to have some professors on the boards of control, some business men, some representative of the so-called radical forces of our society? What might it not have been worth to Germany to-day to have had Karl Marx, Lassalle, and Liebknecht members of university faculties or even members of the Imperial Council? They represented the interests, feelings, and prejudices of the masses of toilers in Germany. Their voices were worth more to the Government than that of the Kaiser himself, or at least they might have become of more worth.

But are we going to remedy these things? How shall we bring a generation of success-worshippers to the point of recognizing the need of change? It was impossible to bring the dominant element of the South to entertain any suggestion that their system was not the best in the world. The makers of industrial America are equally impervious to-day. They give employment to university professors, they must see to it that no effectively revolutionary teaching is allowed. To put professors on boards of control would be to many trustees the same thing as to put the laborer in the place of his master; and to make radical social leaders participants in the control of higher education would be like the suggestion in 1850 that an Abolitionist be made a member of the board of control of the University of Virginia. Yet that was just the thing Southern universities needed in 1850.

Of course, there is always the possibility that the people of moderate means may establish institutions for their children, and that a class of independently trained leaders may thus come into existence. This was the way Princeton began, the way of the Middle States and Southern up-country in the founding of their many "log colleges," and it is the way of earnest religious denominations of to-day; but the character of the modern university, with its necessarily expensive libraries and laboratories, makes this very difficult and less likely than formerly to produce the desired social results. The need is, therefore, a responsive university, a university whose professors are social in outlook, whose president longs to coöperate with all classes, but not "von oben herab," and whose trustees respond to the aspirations of Socialism itself.

What all need to understand is that the university, regardless of the sources of income or support, belongs to the people; and some practical recognition of this is neces-

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sary if the country is to be spared another social crystallization like that of the old South. Young men are trained for public service, not for self-realization, least of all for the mere enjoyment of the literatures and the learning of the past. And, if young men are educated for the common good, they must not be educated, as was the policy of the Jesuits, away from the people.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

University of Chicago, September 10.

"PREPAREDNESS" AND A TELUGU TALE, ALSO AN ANCIENT "PACIFIST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I suppose that I am almost the only American professor who has not written to some paper a letter on the war. It is no excuse that I am in retirement, for I am not only supposed to be master of my time, but I should probably have escaped the risk of the unkind criticism on the part of the authorities that I might better have devoted my labors to the more immediate purposes of my professorship.

It is not my intention at this late date to break my silence and inform my fellow-countrymen of my personal opinions on the questions of the day, but in the course of the desultory reading for which a retired professor may be charitably forgiven, I happened upon a document which proves that the problems with which we are wrestling were not unknown in former times and in other lands. The document in question is contained in a little book, "Folk-lore of the Telugus, a Collection of forty-two highly amusing and instructive Tales," by G. R. Subrumiah Pantulu, Madras, no date. The ninth story (p. 21) is entitled "The Washerman Minister," and, although it would perhaps have been more apropos three months ago, I trust it is still not altogether untimely. The story is as follows:

"The King of Kalinga had a washerman who used to wash his clothes exceedingly well and bring and give them to him daily. One day, the King was exceedingly pleased with the scrupulously clean manner in which the clothes were brought to him and promised the washerman to grant any one prayer he might make. The washerman looked at the King and said that he was most anxious to become the King's Minister, and requested the King to bestow the post on him. The King did so, dispensing with the services of his old Minister, who had served him for a very long time.

"It came to pass that, not long afterwards, a certain other King, having heard of the weakness of the washerman Minister, raised a huge army and gave battle. His master having heard of what had come to pass, called upon the new Minister to muster his forces, to which he replied that, as he had already made the necessary preparations, there was no cause to fear the enemy. The King fully believed in this statement, but was sorely disappointed, for not long afterwards the city was bombarded by the hostile armies. The King sent at once to the Minister, told him of what had happened, and inquired of him as to the arrangements he had made.

"The Minister responded: 'There is nothing to fear in what has come to pass. But I find that the task of ruling a kingdom is a big affair, and while I was thinking of how best to rid ourselves of this difficulty, the enemy chanced to enter and blockade the city. Let them, therefore, undergo the perils of governing the kingdom. As for me, I used to wash the clothes of about a hundred families in this city, but since my elevation to the Ministership I have had to give up my calling. I will now, therefore, resume it, and give you one-half the work and reserve the other half for myself; the calling being no trouble to me. On these considerations I have made no preparations for war.'

"The King was very much grieved when he heard this, but thought the result to be the natural punishment of linking himself to a fool."

In this connection I may say that I think I have discovered the earliest reference in literature to the "Professional Pacifist." It occurs in Ovid's lament over his dead parrot (*Amores*, ii, 6), which he characterizes as follows:

non tu fera bella mouebas;
garrulus et placidæ pacis amator eras.

T. F. C.

Ithaca, N. Y., September 22.

SOME MORE NEOLOGISMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our language grows apace. In evidence I submit a few words which strike my fancy.

(1.) In Horace Annesley Vachell's "Quinneys," Posy, the up-to-date girl, says to her mother, a Victorian survival: "I'm jolly glad that I'm a twencenter."

(2.) Rupert Hughes, in "The Barge of Dreams," in the chapter which describes the hero's experience in watching his young wife on the stage, speaks of one of the hero's neighbors, a stout *bourgeoise*, as the "gumstress."

Will you not agree with me that "twencenter" and "gumstress" for "a person of the twentieth century" and "a woman who chews gum," not to overlook the male "gumster," as specimens of condensation, leave nothing to be desired? H.

October 4.

"WHILST" AND "WHILE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Englishmen almost invariably write "whilst" and Americans "while." Yet Jonathan Swift preferred the latter. In a letter to Thomas Beach, April 12, 1735, he says, "I now proceed to what I would have corrected in your poem." In the long list we find, "for whilst, put while." When Thomas Sheridan published his edition of Swift in 1784, he made the following protest in his preface, which was retained by John Nichols in the edition of 1808. "As the living speech has never engaged our attention, the whole being employed about the written language, many barbarous words of uncouth sounds are still retained, notwithstanding there are others of the same import, more pleasing to the ear. Such as"—and then in parallel brackets he gives "whilst, amongst, betwixt, amidst," for "while, among, between, amid." John Nichols added a footnote to the word "whilst": "See this barbarism corrected by Swift himself," and then he calls attention to the letter mentioned above.

I have never heard the word "whilst" in oral speech—but I think it is all but universal in contemporary English books.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Seven Gables, Lake Huron, September 27.

Book Notes and Byways

ROBERT BRIDGES.

A JAPANESE IMPRESSSION OF THE POET LAUREATE.

By YONE NOGUCHI.

A motor car ran up the gradually heaving country road through the pitch-dark silence of late night from Oxford, carrying us, Robert Bridges, his daughter (whose clear gentle voice was like that of Bridges's beloved Silver Thames, shady with birch and beech and odorous pine), and myself, toward Boar's Hill; I smiled in my innermost heart musing that my own children at home when they grew older would feel proud their father once sat close as a sardine in a can by the Poet Laureate who has sung, to use Dr. Warren's lines:

Such song in England's flowering day
Made merry England brave,
From Honied Chaucer shrewdly gay
To Wither blithely grave.

Only I wished that it were daytime to make me sure that Bridges's love of the country was well responded to by the beauty of the surroundings of his choice. When the car reached his house, my mind was filled by the graceful lines of his Invitation to the Country:

And country life I praise,
And lead, because I find
The philosophic mind
Can take no middle ways;
She will not leave her love
To mix with men, her art
Is all to strive above
The crowd, or stand apart.

The large entrance hall or vestibule, quite new to me as I had hitherto only experience of city dwellings, hugely pleased me, as its spaciousness at once suggested the rich hospitality of a country gentleman; how often I had heard that Englishmen show their very best in the country. Mrs. Bridges, who greeted me heartily at the door, conducted me into the sitting room whose generous fire would, as she said, warm me up before going to bed upstairs. The little room where I was soon taken by Bridges, as the night was already advanced, gave me the most tender impression by the candle lights; the hospitable consideration I fully perceived in the hot water on the washing stand and, above all, in the foot-warmer secretly buried in the soft bed. I had brought a copy of Robert Bridges's poems in the Oxford edition with me, whose pages I opened by the soft lights; what a sweet chivalrous soul with lyrical joy and rapture, I thought, this author of the "Growth of Love" and "Shorter Poems" has hidden under his seemingly uncouth, rugged personality. He was, I could not help thinking, personally a rough diamond before it was handed over to the hand of city jewellers; his stoic severity and even cynical resignation should be taken, I thought, for a mantle which always protects him from running carelessly. As in his personality, his beloved art is a kind most conscientious, tender, and true in heart; I was glad that my acquaintance with his rare personality made me well understand what he said about the "art that most I loved, but little used." He is unique and even original (who says he lacks originality?) since he has written what the others forgot when their songs were finished; I was very happy to

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read, before I blew the light out, many times over, the following lyric:

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.
I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

When I awoke on the morrow, I observed nature through the window of the room where, as Robert Bridges wrote,

Hale winter, half resigning ere he go,
Doth to his heiress show
His kingdom fair.

The birds sang; the leafless trees in the wood were softly wrapped by the gray morning mists which made them appear even more attractive than with their green leaves in the season. I was congratulating myself on seeing Bridges's country beautiful even in winter, when I was called by the Poet Laureate and asked if I liked to take a hot morning bath. After my bath, I soon appeared before the breakfast table where the simple but wholesome food was prepared; Bridges took me, when our breakfast was over, into his own house of study or sanctuary, independently built as a sort of annex to the principal house (a long passage or arcade between them), where, to use Whitman's phrase, Bridges would loaf and invite his own soul; the first thing in this spacious studio which attracted my immediate attention was a large old-fashioned fireplace where many huge logs had been piled. Bridges lighted them; the fire went up, making a tremendous voice. There was a grand piano at one corner to remind me that the Poet Laureate, unlike most poets, was a cultivated musician: two sides of the walls at least were covered by the range of his chosen books which I was afraid to touch only to expose my own ignorance. By the most luxurious fire we sat, I listening to his enthusiastic talk on English prosody; he all the time fluttered, while talking, the pages of a copy of Milton's poems. Somebody's lines of greeting in the *Oxford Magazine* came to my mind:

O eagle-eyed, knowing the lofty music
That Milton also knew,
To-day the heart of the land with thee rejoices,
Hearing, far from the murmur of city voices,
Thy magic known to few.

Bridges dwelt at length on a certain letter addressed to the Editor of the *Times* in connection with Bridges's Christmas Song (1913), speaking of the poem as a revival of a dead ancient art; he laughed good-naturedly over people's want of knowledge on the art which was, while looking old superficially, decidedly new. I thought that the technique itself in his case was the very living spirit; by that I mean that he alone holds a rare genius to make the form aspire to the spirit. I thought that he did not fully and clearly express it, when he said that the form alone was poetry as humanity never has changed since the beginning; in his dignity of being a technician, I dare say, he has enough reverence towards the spirit. By this time, you will know that we were already in the garden commanding a mighty view over the valley where, if it were Christmas Eve, you would see the realization of Bridges's following lines:

The constellated sounds ran sprinkling on earth's floor
As the dark vault above with stars was spangled o'er.

The Poet Laureate, I thought, had every reason of satisfaction with this Christmas Song printed in the *Times* by the King's command; while walking in the garden, he talked on the poem and explained even with the pictures of a bell and its ropes the following lines:

Blessed be their founders (said I) and our country folk
Who are singing for Christ in the belfries to-night
With arms lifted to clutch the rattling ropes that race
Into the dark above and the mad romping din.

Then he showed me all the stretches of his garden; when I saw a little sequestered corner, one of the stories I had heard (how many stories about Robert Bridges I have heard since I came to England!) came to my thought, that he had exclaimed offhand to a visitor, after conducting him to a place where Bridges was pleased to hide himself from the people of his hatred, that he would find him there when he came again. "It's a newspaper story," he said when I asked him of its truth. And he gleefully told me how he had baffled and fooled all the reporters on the day of appointment, who utterly failed to find out his hidden place. He is a hater of publicity. And he said: "I never deny in press even when anything wrong is told of me."

We soon started towards Oxford on foot, now over the meadow, then crossing the fences or by the stream; he talked on many things, of poetry and the laureateship which had for some years its sad decline. Robert Bridges exclaimed: "The King knows I will never do anything foolish." I was happy to think that the Laureateship is going to shine grandly in the sun.

Literature

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIETY.

Societal Evolution. By Albert Galloway Keller. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Social Problem. By Charles A. Ellwood. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Professor Keller, of Yale, is a sociologist who has something definite to say, and in his hands sociology becomes something more than a string of borrowings and platitudes. That society has arisen through a process of "evolution" has long been a commonplace for sociologists—though a commonplace which they have often found it necessary to illustrate and enforce by lengthy and minute elaborations of the obvious. But when Professor Keller speaks of the evolution of society he means by it something that is neither vague nor obvious, and his arguments concerning it are something more than general analogies. In brief, his thesis is that societal evolution is in a very exact sense a continuation of biological evolution. This means more than may at first appear. Society, for Professor Keller, has not merely had a story of increasing complexity; its changes have been due to exactly the same causes which account for biological evolution. These causes, according to the author's analysis, are four: namely, variation, selection, transmission, and adaptation. As we shall see later on, it is a question whether this biological analysis is justified. However that may be, Professor Keller takes it over from biology into the study of society, and the remainder of his book is devoted to the application of these four factors to societal evolution.

The changes to be traced in both animal and human evolution are due to methods of escaping the fatal sweep of natural selection. In the case of animals these methods consist of structural modifications, while with man they are to be seen in mental and social adaptations. These social changes which the environment forces upon men living in groups are crystallized into the institutions and ideas, the "folkways" and "mores" by which society controls its members. And the operation of the four dominant factors of biological evolution enumerated above continue to act in a perfectly real and not merely analogous sense in the development of these forms of social control.

It is not difficult for Professor Keller to demonstrate the importance of the first of these four factors—variation—in the folkways; and a single chapter suffices for the illustration of the subject. Variation reduces ultimately to the mental reaction of the individual. But selection is a more complex and also a more distinctively social process. It is society, not the individual, which selects out from the mass of incipient folkways those which are to survive and to be adopted as "mores," or consciously approved customs. And its action in so doing is usually of a quite automatic nature. "To bring about any selection at all there is need of conflict as between variations. In the case of the folkways this contest, plainly enough, cannot take place as between ideas. The real struggle is between the adherents or exponents of the mores in question, and it is through the issue of that struggle that a given set of mores is carried forward towards universality or consigned to oblivion." Thus it is a truly biological "struggle for existence" that, in the primitive stages of society, determines societal selection. "But as the mores develop and civilization advances, the nature of the test becomes decreasingly severe, eliminative, and decisive. Not only are the sanctions of life and death displaced, but even where they still remain, their incidence is often determined by the mind of man rather than by the elemental forces of nature." Thus political and then economic subjection take the place of annihilation, and the mores of the victorious or powerful class are "selected" through the force of prestige and imitation.

Is there such a thing as rational selection? Though not so extreme in his views as Sumner, to whom he is indebted for his general point of view, Professor Keller is very chary of allowing any considerable influence to the teaching and preaching and leading of individual reformers. The "leading classes" can, indeed, do a little—especially through legislation; but their influence is extremely limited. "Rational selection can come about only to a slight degree as the result of the dominance of any single class or sub-group, let alone individual. So-

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cietal selection is too massive a phenomenon to take its origin elsewhere than in masses of men: it is due to the largely unconscious contortions of the whole social body."

But this does not mean that societal selection is and always must be irrational. Individual initiative, indeed, can do little; but there is one large group of interests in dealing with which society itself (not merely its leaders) may be trusted to "select" its customs and institutions rationally. These interests are those that have to do directly with physical nature and with the survival and economic welfare of the group. For here competitive folkways are subjected to very definite tests, and the same evolutionary factor that gave the bird its wings will force society to make rational choice. Hence the primacy in social progress of the economic forces. The moral, religious, artistic, and intellectual forces of society are all secondary, and their development is dominated by the "maintenance-mores." "All the way down the scale, each special group of mores is conditioned as to selection within it by the nature of the wider generic group of which it is a part, until at the bottom all the wider groups are determined as to their form by the maintenance-mores—which themselves reflect the nature of the struggle in societal self-maintenance, the form of this struggle being itself determined by natural conditions. Thus societal evolution runs back ever to natural evolution."

It is a question whether Professor Keller has here proved as much as he seems to believe. One might conceivably admit that the maintenance-mores offered the best opportunity for the injection of reason into the evolution of society, and yet refuse to acknowledge that they had been the dominant factor in this evolution. Professor Keller seems to put more into his conclusion than he gets out of his premises. Nor can it be said that he has by any means demonstrated that only through the maintenance-mores can reason be largely introduced into societal evolution. One might challenge Professor Keller's reading of history and insist that the purely spiritual factors—such as education, religion, the dissemination of ideals—have had a much greater share in guiding the development of the civilized races than one might suppose from reading "Societal Evolution." Particularly is this true of religion. Professor Keller, of course, does not deny the influence of religion, but religion seems to mean to him chiefly the fear of ghosts. But when one considers the influence exerted upon society by Buddha, Mohammed, the Hebrew prophets, and Jesus, one feels that here there is something else than ghost-fear, and one is likely to conclude that there is some other factor of importance in the development of civilization besides the maintenance-mores.

But to return to the argument of the book. Variation and selection having been shown to be in principle identical in organic and societal evolution, the rest of Professor Keller's task is relatively simple. Imitation or "tradition" so obviously corresponds to organic heredity that the chapter on Transmission offers no difficulties. Finally, "adaptation" is treated in three chapters in which the attempt is made to show, by examples from primitive, frontier, and highly civilized societies, that all sorts of human institutions are ultimately to be explained as adaptations to environment. These three chapters, with their illustrative material, are persuasive; yet one may question whether they add as much to the value of the book as they detract by confusing the issue. For confuse it they certainly do. The four chapters on selection (which form the body of the work) are meant to show that in societal evolution, just as in organic, survival is determined by adaptation. It is adaptation that guides selection. It is therefore somewhat disconcerting, after having been persuaded that the whole of societal evolution may be accounted for by variation, selection, and transmission, to find a fourth factor of explanation on one's hands with nothing left for it to explain. The origin of this difficulty is to be traced to Professor Keller's analysis of *organic* evolution into four factors, when three are quite sufficient; after which the application of a mistaken biological formula to societal evolution was natural, though unfortunate. The true relation of these factors, as expressed by Professor Keller in a personal letter to the reviewer, is that "variation, selection, and transmission work out to produce adaptation; and you get a better conception of adaptation if you emerge from the workshop, so to speak, and take a look at the product."

As the reader of this review will quickly see, Professor Keller is a loyal disciple of the late Professor Sumner; and while at times he softens down some of his master's extreme views, he is open in general to the same type of criticism as his predecessor. But whether one agree or not with Professor Keller's conclusions, one can hardly fail to recognize that he has made a real contribution to the study of society, and has demonstrated (what some of us had begun to doubt) that there is such a subject as sociology—or at least "societology."

Professor Ellwood's problem, unlike that of Professor Keller, is not the evolution of society as such, but the particular way in which society can now be made to evolve in desirable directions. That Professor Ellwood regards this as a practical question, a question about which something may be done, indicates at once that he takes a radically different view of societal evolution from that of Professor Keller. The physical and economic factors, in his view, play a relatively subordinate rôle.

"When men ascribe the origin of ideas to various influences in the environment, they forget the part played by human instincts, by the creative imagination, and by constructive reasoning. They forget, in other words, that the mind of man is self-active and needs no compulsion from without. They have committed the fallacy of accepting as a theory of human nature a passive psychology which is utterly discredited by science to-day. Thus economic determinism, or any other materialistic theory of human progress, is without scientific foundation." Civilization "is, in large measure, the substitution of a 'subjective environment' of ideas and ideals for the objective environment of material objects; and cultural evolution is possible only through the continuity of this subjective environment, that is, through the continuity of ideas and social values. *Civilization*, in other words, *is at bottom the creation and transmission of ideal values by which men regulate their conduct.*" "We mean, in other words, that the ideas and ideals of our present civilization have had a life-history of their own, not to be understood from the study of material conditions alone; and that it is the conflict between inharmonious traditions and ideals in our culture on the one hand, and the lack of adaptation of our ideas and ideals to the present conditions of life on the other, which has produced the modern social problem."

As the last part of this quotation shows, Professor Ellwood does not overlook "the present conditions of life," whether geographical, physiological, or economic, as having important bearings on the development of society; but he regards these conditions as capable of being handled and directed through the application of the conscious reason of individuals. Not only is a direct attack beginning to be made upon the evils of waste and of disease through deliberate efforts for conservation and public hygiene (in all of which Professor Keller doubtless would heartily agree); but various evil conditions which are not directly connected with the "maintenance-mores" may, in Professor Ellwood's opinion, be remedied by a concerted effort on the part of the intelligent and altruistic members of society through the education of the young and the inculcation among them of the ideals of service and unselfishness. This, he insists, is not an unreasonable expectation. For the three roots of individual character are heredity, the general social environment, and personal education. By a conservative application of the principles of eugenics, criminality, weak-mindedness, and other undesirable characteristics might be considerably reduced; while the social environment and the personal education of the next generation are what we make them.

Unfortunately, Professor Ellwood does not stop to consider who "*we*" are—"we" who make the social environment—nor to face squarely the fact that to change the social environment society itself must be changed. Truly, *if* we should bring about a proper social environment, we might expect all sorts of good things of the next generation; but the production of a proper social environment is exactly the problem to be solved. And from some of the pages of Professor Ellwood's book one gets the impression that he regards this as fairly easy to do if we should only inculcate the ideals of social service in our schools and else-

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where. For any such sanguine view of the social problem Professor Keller's book is a needful antidote.

In short, the two books under review supplement each other fairly well just through their disagreements. It is quite true, on the one hand, that societal selection is "too massive a phenomenon" to be quickly or easily determined by the preaching of individuals. Yet, on the other hand, the faith that individuals can do something, and by concerted effort perhaps much, is the precondition of every endeavor for social improvement. We are more likely to make progress if society's leaders believe profoundly in the power of ideals than if they are persuaded to leave things to the "largely unconscious contortions of the whole social body."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Story of Julia Page. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This appears to be an attempt on Mrs. Norris's part to escape, or to advance, from the fiction of emotional domesticity with which she has been so successful. It is to her credit that she has not been content to go on indefinitely with stories of the type of "Mother" and "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne"—stories excellent in their kind, but a trifle monotonous in motive. A mother is worth more than a clubwoman, and it is better to be happy than to be rich: Mrs. Norris freshly emphasized these truths, but she could not keep on doing it freshly: nobody could. It is not surprising that she should now be trying a different kind of thing; but the kind of thing itself is surprising. This purports to be the life-story of a girl of the people, told with that minuteness of detail and attention to observed fact which we label realism. It sets out, and progresses well towards the end of the first of its two parts, as a story of the same general order as the "Sister Carrie" of Mr. Dreiser, the "Clark's Field" of Mr. Herrick, or, more closely, the "Rise of Jennie Cushing" of Mrs. Watts.

Julia Page, like Jennie Cushing, is of the most unpromising origin, the vulgar child of vulgar people, but, like her, almost as a child determines to make the most of herself, to become a lady. Up to the moment when Julia runs out of her grandfather's house, purse in hand, after her jailbird uncle, the narrative strikes us as natural and authentic. But at this point hastily Mrs. Norris trumps up a coincidence which is as improbable as any ever invented—and which changes forever the whole course of Julia's life. Thereafter it is as if, having once succumbed to her romantic habit, the story-teller were unable to control her hand. Suddenly, without the slightest hint of warning, at the end of the first part, when Julia has fairly made herself over and been rewarded with the confessed love of a gentleman—all at once, from a cloudless sky, falls the alleged fact that our Julia has a "past." Julia herself hurls it at her betrothed. He believes it: we do not. Either it was an afterthought with Mrs. Norris, or she has grossly misrepresented her heroine. Nowhere during the many recorded dialogues between herself and Mark Rosenthal, extending over a period of years—dialogues in which he persistently urges marriage—is there a hint that she has been his girl-mistress. Yet the whole of the second part is built upon this preposterous supposition; is, in fact, a long and tiresome account of the inability of Julia's husband to forget the fact he has supposably forgiven before their marriage. The affair becomes more and more sentimental and unreal as the pages turn. In short, the book is neither a human document nor a poetic representation. The conclusion is nominal: Jim is supposed to have really forgiven and forgotten at last; but we see no reason for supposing that the cherished spectre will not rise again in due season. If he only had the sense to see that nothing of the kind can possibly have happened, that Julia's creator has made her slander herself! But, then, there would have been no Part II.

Pegeen. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. New York: The Century Co.

Aunt Jane. By Jennette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Our authors are, as it were, professional purveyors of good cheer. In "Pegeen" Mrs. Brainerd applies the hand of use to materials well tested by time. Here is another of these wonder-children who, to go by recent American fiction, are rightly at the helm of society. The other day it was Michael O'Halloran, the newsboy who filled a city with sunshine, and lectured all sorts of people on their duty. To-day it is Pegeen, the drunkard's child, special luminary of a countryside, whose smile will never come off, and who is qualified to lecture even an O'Halloran. Her special function is "seeing to" people, which means getting them under the influence of her hand and smile. The protégé who figures chiefly is a (rich) painter with a broken heart, who has attempted to be a hermit in the wilderness—vainly, for Pegeen promptly undertakes to see to him. Several rustic characters have their places in the slight action which follows. But it is not a tale of low life, or even of rural life. The hero is our (rich) artist friend, and the heroine another importation from the city, known chiefly as the Smiling Lady. She is engaged to Another; but it is clear from the outset that this is only the necessary obstacle in the course of true love. The Other (very rich) is too old for the Smiling Lady, and, most magnanimous, he withdraws pleasantly in due season, and leaves everybody happy and hopeful and neighborly and loving and smiling indefatigably. Pegeen, we gather, is now to "see to" the retiring fiancée. It is striking merit in a tale of this sort that it escape silliness, as, unless under a very literal eye, this tale does.

So also, on the whole, does "Aunt Jane," though it steers very near the edge, in more than one particular. Here is the gospel of determined sunshine again. The scene is a hospital of which Aunt Jane, leading lady-optimist, is matron. Thither comes a millionaire, but for his good looks drawn to pattern—hard, self-centred, and lonely. His wife is dead, and his only son a wanderer. Under a cold surface he hides a yearning for affection; like all millionaires, he is persuaded that nobody cares for him, but for his money. It is a great surprise to him to find that he must obey the hospital rules, but of course he has to, and we enjoy the always comic spectacle of a man worth millions of money knuckling under to a plump woman in a cap and a doctor whose clothes do not fit. But Aunt Jane is not an ordinary plump woman. She is the homely philosopheress who has so flourished in fiction since the apparition of Mrs. Wiggs. She emanates good cheer and common-sense. She is never in a hurry or a worry. She has an occult influence over her hospital and her patients. When things go wrong, Aunt Jane makes a point of being most exceeding calm: "And then, somehow, through the hospital would run a quiet, steadying force that seemed to hold them in place and use them for its ends; and they would be conscious, as they worked, of being bigger than they had guessed." She has also a power of willing, or wishing, fellow-beings back from the gates of death. So does she rescue the millionaire after his operation. But her greater service is to rescue him from himself. Gradually, under her tutelage, he discovers that it is pleasant to be friendly, to help other people, and possible to be cared for by them. It turns out that his son is fond of him, and that his nurse (who is, we believe, red-haired, like an extraordinary number of nurses in recent fiction) is just the wife for that son. There are also some fellow-patients whom he learns to befriend, and a new wing to be given the hospital when he leaves it. The point at which the story becomes strained and very nearly silly is the foisting upon good, plump, middle-aged Aunt Jane of a double romance. The millionaire and the shabby surgeon become rivals for her hand, the latter winning, as it were, by a neck.

Around Old Chester. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Two of the seven tales here collected have been printed separately in book form: "An Encore" and "The Voice." They typically embody the author's sound humor, her affectionate optimism, her insistence upon the right thing as against the merely accepted thing—above all, the quaint, kind atmosphere of that "Old Chester" of her youth in which her imagination works most fruitfully. More specifically, these qualities are at their best in the beloved figure of Dr. Lavendar, which reappears in most of these tales. The chilly analyst might find that Mrs. Deland has only a few situations. One of them rep-

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resents Dr. Lavendar upholding the spirit as opposed to the letter of the law. Sometimes it is an accepted moral law, such as that one must always tell the whole truth (illustrated in the older tale, "Good for the Soul"), or a point of honor, such as that one must never cheat at a game, illustrated here in "The Third Volume," or a sentimental convention, such as that one's first duty is towards one's parents ("Sally"), or towards one's children ("An Encore"). Oddly enough, there is one convention of this sort which goes almost unchallenged—that of sacrifice. It is challenged in "Sally," because her lover's happiness, as well as her own, is at stake. But in tales like "An Exceeding High Mountain" among the earlier stories, or like "Turn About" and "Miss Clara's Perseus," it is fairly held up for admiration. In these two instances sacrifice is at its most fatuous. Young "G. G." marries an absurd widow because she has understood him to be proposing for her hand instead of that of her niece (shades of Mrs. Malaprop!). Good Oliver Ormsby marries a bore, because it is the only way to rid his beloved's house of her. Sometimes again, it is a question of the letter of the civil law which is braved. Dr. Lavendar is an accomplice in the destruction of the will in "The Harvest of Fear," as he was the principal in a similar act in "The Note."

As to situations, also, one may find Mrs. Deland's range curiously small. Prim youth and gallant age are a contrast she loves to point. Young "G. G." in "Turn About," young Paul in "The Third Volume," young Cyrus in "An Encore," are solemn prigs all; gayety and charm and courage are the property of their elders. So her older women have usually more attractiveness, as well as infinitely more sense than her youthful heroines, who are for the most part painfully shrinking, modest, Victorian. But all this is mere matter for curiosity. Old Chester is as real as Cranford; Dr. Lavendar—as real as the Vicar of Wakefield—is one of the few living American figures in American fiction; and both have the representative quality, the universal quality, which is to be found only in work absolutely true to time and place and character as the artist has known them.

Little Miss Grouch. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

An amusing little comedy of the sea, with farcical episodes, and a plentiful supply of American humor. Some of the best families and largest fortunes in New York are involved, to begin with, which places us in the most favorable atmosphere for current romance. Little Miss Grouch is daughter of "Hurry-Up" Wayne, a self-made man of millions, whose father came over in the steerage, and who now, like most American self-made men of fiction, is an ardent social climber. He has betrothed his daughter Cecily to one Van Dam, whose name describes his pretensions. Cecily runs away, and on board the Clan Macgregor, bound for England, encounters and, in the military sense, engages with the young American humorist, who gives his name as Sanders Daddleskink, and whose real name is Smith, but with a Forsyth before it, which proves him to be of the most ancient and aristocratic lineage. There is a very spirited action, assisted by wireless messages, a partly disabled ship, and a general readiness on the part of all hands to see and hear only what their author wishes them to see and hear. Van Dam is grotesquely represented aboard by a female cousin and vulgarian: he himself, it turns out, is an usurper of the name. In the end Alexander Forsyth Smith, otherwise Daddleskink, otherwise the Tyro—but the reader knows what happens in the end.

THE JURISPRUDENCE OF WAR.

War: Its Conduct and Legal Results. By T. Baty and J. H. Morgan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

This is an admirable book, well written and wisely planned. On perhaps the most difficult subject in the whole province of jurisprudence it is yet so clear and free from technicalities as to be intelligible to the general reader, while its copious use of cases and documents renders it of utility also to the specialist in this field. To say that its discussion of the commercial aspect of international law is by Mr. Baty is sufficient to proclaim for it a special authority; while the discussion of the result of war on the English Constitution by Professor Morgan is distinguished at once by a refreshing vigor and freedom from conventional restraint.

It is worth while noting some of the points raised by the learned authors. Professor Morgan holds that possibly the withholding of the English food supply might be considered illegal, because though it is no longer an offence under statutory or common law, "it continues to maintain a place, although a somewhat uncertain place, in the law of contract or tort." Theoretically, this may be true; but we may well doubt whether the courts would enforce the breaking-up of a combination to corner, let us say, the supply of wheat because it was in restraint of trade and against public policy. Cases of this nature have been sufficiently rare in Great Britain. That of Maxim-Nordenfeldt v. Nordenfeldt seems to show the favorable attitude of the courts to the principles termed for convenience Benthamite. Lord Bowen, in the famous Mogul case, would not pronounce, held, indeed, that it was *ultra vires* for the courts to pronounce, on the distinction between fair and unfair competition. In the event of such a case arising now we doubt whether that "uncertain place" would be maintained.

We are very glad to have the definite condemnation by Professor Morgan—and the opinion is concurred in by Mr. Baty—of the English press regulations. As he points out, they make it possible to construe anything—whether leader, military criticism, or political controversy—as a serious offence. What this may mean is seen from the fact that when the London *Jewish Times* published (in wholly innocent error) a statement as to the district visited in a recent Zeppelin raid, the paper was at once suppressed. It is more serious that the decision of what is "directly or indirectly" useful to the enemy should be left to the verdict of a court-martial. History is not very lenient in her judgment of the intelligence of military censorship. How inconceivably stupid that censorship has been the episode of the Audacious and bungling at Neuve Chapelle made distressingly clear. When there already exists a sufficiently wide law of seditious libel, it seems a work of dangerous supererogation thus to supersede the rule of law.

We agree most heartily with Professor Morgan that the Defence of the Realm Act is the most dangerous invasion of public liberties in three centuries. An Englishman may be sentenced to death without trial by jury for a crime which is still punishable in common law by the severest penalties known to that law. Citizens can be compelled to answer any question on any subject that an officer holding a major's commission thinks fit to ask. Houses can be entered without leave or warrant. Compulsory change of residence can be enforced. We may, if we will, justify this on the ground of *raison d'état*, but the older way was to leave the courts to pronounce on the justifiability of the military methods. That may be less summary than the new jurisdiction; assuredly it is also more consonant with political freedom.

One of the great difficulties after this war will be the discovery of sufficient sanctions for international law. How difficult that will be Professor Morgan has made abundantly clear by his skilful juxtaposition of the Hague Conventions and the opinions of the German war-book. When an authority like von Clausewitz can call the legal usages of war "hardly worth mentioning," when the Kriegsbuch can solemnly write that the "reckless application" of certain severities which Germany herself has agreed to condemn may be in accordance with humanitarianism, we can only throw up our hands in despair.

On one point we may permit ourselves a criticism. "The principal advance made by international law," write the authors wisely, consists "in treating war primarily as an act of hostility between states rather than individuals." That is well said. It is, of course, tantamount to the recognition of the reality of the person of the state, and the refusal to identify its personality with that of its members. A state, in fact, is somewhat more than the sum of its parts. Why, then, should a footnote suggest that the "general proposition cannot be accepted unreservedly"? Surely, half the difficulty of mutual understanding consists in the refusal to accept the distinction between the personality of the state and that of the individual. We think Germany nothing more than all the

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Germans, and so we condemn them all. John Bull has slain his tens of thousands by being identified no less with Bow than with Belgravia. Here was the line of true advance—the throwing overboard of the *persona ficta*—and we could wish that Professor Morgan and Mr. Baty had helped in the weighting of the coffin.

We could wish that Professor Morgan, further, had been less generous to those who interpret laxly the regulation of Hague Convention (No. 42) dealing with occupation. Deeply as we respect the opinion of Professors Holland and Oppenheim, to argue that a flying column can establish occupation is really unthinkable. If a troopship of Uhlans landed at Scarborough and dashed across to London, that would surely not be occupation. We should not consider the resistance of the people as treason to constituted authority. Yet this is in effect what the view of Professor Holland maintains. There will continue to be no respect in certain quarters for international law if such latitude of interpretation is to be tolerated.

For Mr. Baty's chapters on the relation of war to commerce we have nothing but praise. He seems to us to have dealt most admirably with the tortuous and debatable problems raised by the existence of foreign corporations. Sometimes we think he treats a problem a little too cavalierly, as when he says that a Trust cannot have a nationality because it is "an ideal conception." Maitland's articles on "Trust and Corporation" might have warned him that the chief invention of English lawyers ought not to be dismissed so lightly. But it is churlish to criticise where there is so much that is wholly excellent. Particularly interesting is the treatment of blockade.

The volume is enriched by a hundred pages of appendices containing the various documents issued by the British Government since the beginning of the war. They add very materially to the value of the book.

FROM THE CATHOLIC POINT OF VIEW.

Catholic Democracy, Individualism and Socialism. By Henry C. Day, S.J. With a Preface by His Eminence Francis Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.80 net.

Father Day's book has the special merit of clearness in the presentation of the subject-matter. This is due at least in part to the sharpness of his definitions and the exactness of his terminology—matters in which modern argumentation, in English at least, leaves as a rule much to be desired. Writers of our day might with profit learn something from the old scholastics in this respect. However intricate their argument, however fine their distinctions might be, they left no reasonable ground for misapprehension of their meaning. Nor does Father Day. Here, for example, is a typical case of proper distinction and accurate terminology: He is speaking of the object of the state. "For this reason its end is described as being the common as opposed to the public good. To understand the force of this discrimination or distinction of meaning the following consideration should be borne in mind: Society or the state being a moral body and existing only by its component parts, is incapable of having its end in itself or of enjoying any good independently of its members. Its only true end consists in the social good accruing to all its members. Now, this is precisely what is meant by the common good, for it represents the sum total of advantages arising from association, and consequently attaching to all members of society. This common good can never be opposed to the real good of individuals, nor can it differ from it in kind. It is properly its crowning perfection. The public good is something very different. It consists in the well-being of the collective body as a whole, and can exist even when the good of individuals is sacrificed. The public good is attained when the nation is prosperous; the common good only when the people are happy. The public good can survive under oppression; the common good can exist only in an atmosphere of justice and freedom" (p. 248).

This is a fair sample of the author's method. Whether one agree or not with what he says, it is a great advantage to have it said in this way.

Naturally, one cannot very well hope to summarize in a few lines the substance of Father Day's book and condense into a few phrases the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church on politics and economics. But by keeping in mind the fundamental postulates of the church, it is not difficult to follow their application to particular cases and understand just why the church approves or condemns. In her eyes, man is not the latest known term in an infinite and inscrutable evolutionary series inextricably tangled in the toils of an iron determinism, but a genuine and immortal self-determining personality, created by God to a destiny of unspeakable importance, the character of which he himself of his own free will may determine in his life upon earth. Subject to the consequences of original sin, but redeemed by Divine act, and equipped with all the necessary means of salvation, he yet must work out that salvation in fear and trembling. Church and State have for their sole earthly object the assistance of man in this task; whatever helps him in this is, for the church, good, whatever hinders is bad. That is the supreme test which the church applies in all human activities, and it is, therefore, the test which Father Day applies to the economic and political questions treated in his book.

The criticisms of the various forms of democracy and of Socialism are along lines more or less familiar to students of these matters, but are better expressed than in many of the other Catholic polemics on these matters. It is in the last four chapters (xvi to xix) wherein the author lays down the doctrine regarding the origin and constitution of society, the rights and duties of the state, land, labor, and capital that most interest will probably lie for the non-Catholic reader.

MATTER AND METAPHYSICS.

The Limitations of Science. By Louis Trenchard More. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

To the student of philosophy who has learned from the natural scientists that to be a "metaphysician" is to be little better than an astrologer, it is highly interesting to find a scientist distributing this epithet broadcast among his brethren. Professor More applies the term not only to Einstein, for his principle of relativity; to Lorentz and Sir Joseph Larmor, for their corpuscular theories of matter, but to Lord Kelvin, for his mechanical models; to Helmholtz, for his vortex-rings, if not also to Dalton, for his theory of atoms. Descartes, of course, is the father of them all. It seems, indeed, that none are exempt from the taint of metaphysics who will not subscribe to the Newtonian mechanics as containing all that is necessary for scientific salvation—with the single addition of the law of conservation of energy.

"The Limitations of Science" suffers somewhat in systematic, if not here and there in consistent, presentation from the fact that it is a compilation of articles published in periodicals. It is, however, a stimulating book, and incidentally an informing book, for those who wish to get a clear idea of the recent and rather startling developments of physical science. Mr. More is evidently equipped with the broader scholarship necessary for that criticism of science of which, he rightly holds, we stand so much in need (though why a philosophically enlightened scientist should come nearer the point than a scientifically enlightened philosopher is not made finally clear). He writes in a clean, running style which makes his book enjoyable as well as "readable." And if he has missed the metaphysical beam in his own eye, he is not wrong about the motes in the eyes of his colleagues.

Mr. More's position may be epitomized by saying that he believes in laws and despises hypotheses; that he is in favor of matter, suspicious of energy, and hostile both to ether and to atoms. According to him, the scientist is confronted with an objective order of "phenomena." His sole function is then to derive by the abstractive method (which seems not to differ from the conventional inductive method) the laws embodied in these phenomena. It is not his business to explain the laws, certainly not to indulge in speculative hypotheses about realities underlying phenomena. Apparently, in Mr. More's view, hypotheses have not even a working or an auxiliary value, though in certain cases he appears to concede, reluctantly, a "temporary" value. It seems, however, that none of the phenomena of light owe their discovery to either the corpuscular or the undulatory theory, while from the fact that

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latter-day science has shown the atom to be not indecomposable, he concludes (not quite logically) that chemical discovery could just as well have dispensed with the atomic theory.

The scientist who observes the proper limitations of scientific procedure finds that all of his laws can be safely expressed in terms of the conception of matter. The introduction of ether has resulted only in a mass of contradictions; and even energy, though apparently indispensable, shows a pronounced tendency "to subtilize objective facts into metaphysical ideas." But we are not to conclude from this that Mr. More is a materialist. Following the traditional distinction between reason and faith, he assigns separate fields to science, on the one side, and to ethics and religion on the other, and forbids either to adopt the methods of the other. In particular, he denies that science can deal with human life.

Now, if Mr. More means only that, in the general economy of human thought, it is important that science should retain its traditional distinction of solidity—and therefore that science should be cautious about engaging in theoretical speculation—there will be many, scientists and metaphysicians alike, to agree with him; and he is clearly right in holding that, as compared with matter, the conceptions of energy and of ether embody "dangerous tendencies." To romantic minds, both in and out of the circles of science, it seems that force, however blind and stupid, is somehow nobler than matter, while a rarer stuff is more spiritual than a denser stuff. Yet when the logical solidity of matter, as represented by the absoluteness of mass, is once called into question, *e. g.*, by the theory of relativity, "metaphysics" is no sufficient answer. The question is, How do science and metaphysics differ? And what accounts for the superior validity of science? Among the several answers to this question given by Mr. More, the answer to which he evidently pins his faith is this: scientific conceptions and laws are nothing more than formulæ to describe the sequence of phenomena, while metaphysical hypotheses pretend to deal with realities beyond phenomena. If this is the case, it would seem that, as a formula for facts, ether might be allowed to stand beside matter. But in point of fact Mr. More is not content with the formula-theory. On page 115 he tells us that we have no knowledge unless we believe in "something that has a continuous existence however changed in appearance"; in other words, metaphysics is permissible if it postulates nothing but matter. And in the end it seems that the real reason for an unyielding loyalty to matter is that under this conception science has grown and prospered. Upon nearly every page of the book we are informed of the *advantages* of matter. It seems, therefore, to be a pragmatic metaphysics that determines the limitations of science.

Nor would it be altogether difficult to prove that a metaphysical hypothesis underlies the objective phenomena—and here the metaphysics of matter. When I say that the surroundings in which I now write, a few miles from the Atlantic Coast, are objective phenomena, and that the vision of motoring in California, which comes to me the next moment, is not an objective phenomenon, part of the reason for refusing the name, at least to one or the other, lies in the assumption that, if both are to be objective phenomena, some three thousand miles of matter and four days of travel must intervene. If matter is derived from phenomena, it is none the less true that phenomena are derived from matter.

The truth is that to eliminate metaphysics from thought is about as feasible as to eliminate respiration from life. From the primitive magic of "The Golden Bough" to Spinoza's "Ethics" and Kant's "Critique" objective fact and metaphysical theory are linked everywhere hand in hand. Those who trouble the waters of our thinking are not the metaphysicians, but the unconscious metaphysicians. Mr. More has done well to expose the metaphysics of recent scientific speculation. There remains, however, the greater problem of the metaphysics of sober science.

RUSSIA IN ASIA.

Russian Expansion on the Pacific—1641-1850. By F. A. Golder. Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co. $5.

The author explains in his preface that he wished originally to study the history of Siberia only in connection with the main subject of Alaska and its history. The secondary material on Siberia is, however, unsatisfactory; it was necessary to go to source material, and thus "what was planned as the background became the principal part." The writer gives a detailed, documented account of the gradual penetration of Russian power across Asia to the Pacific, of the various expeditions of explorers and traders. The picture is not always pleasant, because of the "cruelty and deceit practiced on the natives." The conflict with the natives was constant, and was further intensified by the struggle against the climate and for food and supplies. "But cannon and powder proved themselves superior to bows and arrows." In this expansion Russia came into conflict with China. Chinese opposition, and the assistance given to the natives by China, made the struggle still more bitter. All this interesting history is described in great detail, the official reports of the explorers themselves often being cited in extensive quotations.

The difficulties of the task which Russia had undertaken must account in some measure for the fact that little was done to "civilize the natives" until a date later than that covered by the author. It is clear that Russia was intent on development of trade primarily; but she had other objects as well. Peter the Great gave instructions for the expedition, which was to determine whether Asia and America were united, in the words: "Now that the country is in no danger from enemies, we should strive to win for her glory along the lines of the arts and sciences." The Russian explorations made valuable contributions to knowledge, and at a great price. Of Bering's second expedition, "only a few of those who enlisted survived the years of hard labor, privation, cold and suffering. Even those who lived to return to the scenes of their childhood were so broken in health that the joy of living was nearly gone."

In conclusion the author points out that "one is struck by the crudeness, by the lack of well-laid plans at times, and by the tremendous amount of misdirected energy on the part of Russia." But a few lines further on he adds: "It is this strenuous struggle against savage man and wild nature that makes the story of Russian expansion so thrilling and fascinating."

In a work based on documents in a foreign language, the question of finding proper terms to render the idea of the original is one of great difficulty. The reviewer does not believe that the Russian word "slujiloi" (p. 72), as it was used at that time, can be translated "servant." This is particularly important, as the writer puts considerable emphasis on the very idea which his translation here implies. The word would seem to mean rather "servant of the state," which is quite different. The writer gives a facsimile of a Russian document, and an accompanying translation; this same word occurs in the original Russian, but here is omitted in the translation. In this same translation there is another mistake, which is, it is true, of no real importance, but which should not be allowed to pass in a book of this kind. The Russian text reads "on these islands," and not "on one of these islands" (p. 282). In the bibliography, where one is justified in demanding absolute accuracy in a book of this standard, there are several misprints and even mistakes. The Russian titles are transliterated, and a translation added. The reader unacquainted with Russian must rely on these translations for a judgment on the character of the book cited. "Accounts of Nartov about Peter the Great" is translated, "Narratives about Peter the Great," and the name Nartov is misspelled. Finally, there is no excuse for translating the title "Journal of the Ministry of Public Instruction" as "Journal of Enlightenment."

The question of transliterating Russian words is always bothersome, there being almost as many systems of transliteration as there are writers, but our author uses several systems, often transliterating the same Russian letters differently within the same page. Sometimes he transliterates the Russian *v* by the English *v*, which is the natural and correct method; at other times, for some unexplained reason, he uses the German *w*. As a result, the word "woewod," which is constantly occurring, is not only painful, but is misleading unless one is aware of the habit, still so prevalent, of transliterating Russian through the German.

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Notes

There is a fairly vivid picture of the Irish dramatist, John Millington Synge, in a thin volume by John Masefield, containing recollections and biographical notes (Macmillan; $1). The writer's impressions are based upon a close if somewhat casual friendship, that began in 1903 and lasted until Synge's death in 1909. Such a friendship was characteristic of the gifted Irishman, whose strange, fascinating personality attracted many but revealed itself charily to a few so-called intimates. Synge was essentially a lonely genius throughout his roving life among primitive or sophisticated types, always preferring to let others talk, while he successfully remained the ever-ardent spectator and the occasional listener. Meeting him for the first time in a room full of London literary folk, Mr. Masefield recalls the air of detachment that Synge maintained unaffectedly towards the coterie for which he was supposed to play the part of lion. Except for the "kindling eye," Mr. Masefield detected no great interest in the talk or the people. Yet later, when their acquaintance ripened into the close but impersonal Synge type of friendship, Mr. Masefield was agreeably surprised to find the elusive Irishman possessed of an unusually keen idea of each personality present on that occasion. This cuttle-fish attitude Synge likewise observed when travelling among the simple folk of the Irish countryside, or when sojourning among his beloved peasants on the Aran Islands.

While preparing his favorite book on the Islanders Synge closely identified himself with their simple pursuits and pleasures. Mr. Masefield remarks that they liked Synge, but were a little puzzled by him. "He was an unassertive, unassuming man, with a genius for being inconspicuous. He has told us that his usual method in a poor man's cabin was to make them forget that he was there, but in Aran on these visits he always tried to add to the fun, and to his personal prestige, with conjuring tricks, fiddling, piping, taking photographs, etc. Some of the Islanders were much attached to him. I suppose that their main impression was that he was a linguist who had committed a crime somewhere, and had come to hide." Between Paris and the Aran Islands Synge spent the best years of his short literary life. Fresh from the Latin Quarter, where he had been writing poetry and criticism of the French Symbolists, Synge, on the advice of his friend, W. B. Yeats, went to the primitive life of the Islands, and the countryside of Ireland, to refresh his eye and brain. It was to the Islands that he continually returned with increasing enthusiasm, with some newly acquired accomplishment like juggling, or playing the penny whistle, or new jigs on his fiddle for their dances. Except for occasional trips to cities where his plays were being produced he devoted himself to his peasant friends and their Island life where he successfully shed the mantle of loneliness that shrouded him from the eyes of the literary coteries of London, Paris, or Dublin. It has elsewhere been stated that he expressed a naïve preference over his plays for his book on this rough, dour, and primitive community.

Prof. Henry Jones Ford's book, "The Natural History of the State. An Introduction to Political Science" (Princeton University Press; $1 net), is a suggestive attempt to construct, from a study of such facts or reasonable implications of biology, anthropology, and philology as relate to the origin of man, a scientific theory of the origin and nature of the state. Briefly stated, the theory affirms that the state is as properly to be regarded an organism as is any form of animal life; that it has its origin in the formation of communities among animals earlier than man; and that such communities, of which the "undivided commune" of Howitt is the primordial type, subordinated individuals to the general good, and developed, by processes of social adaptation, particular social institutions. Government, "a primary organ of the state," antedates the transition from animal to man. The individual, accordingly, is a derivative rather than an original; the state is absolute in its relation to the individual units; and different types of government develop according to the conditions and needs of different environments. Similarly, rights have their source in the state, and liberty consists in individual adjustment to the standards of right which emanate from the state, rather than in freedom from obligation or social conformity. "The test of value in any institution is primarily not the advantage of the individual but the advantage of society" (p. 177).

Professor Ford's statements of fact regarding the "ascent of man" are, apparently, in full accord with the teachings of contemporary science. His theory of the state, however, suggests some far-reaching questions of social philosophy. What becomes, for example, of the philosophical notion of free will? If man is the product of society, which in turn is contemporary in origin with, and approximate in organic character to, the physical organisms of biology or anthropology, have we not here a kind of sociological fatalism or determinism, of which the individual is, according to the point of view, either the product or the victim, but whose processes neither he nor any numerable mass of his fellows can control? If rights spring from society, and represent the surviving results of the struggle for adaptation to environment, is not the conclusion inevitable that, in the large sense, whatever is is right? How, for instance, on this basis, are we to condemn war? and is there any longer a place for religion as either an individual or a social guide, save perhaps as a mystical recognition of an unknown God? Moreover, if "individual life enlarges by participation in a larger life, ascends by incorporation in a higher life" (p. 177), what will be the nature of the family when society, which to-day subordinates the individual more thoroughly than ever, shall have attained that relatively perfect solidarity which would appear to be its ultimate goal as well as its primary characteristic? We venture to hope that Professor Ford has it in mind to follow up his extremely suggestive study with another devoted to expounding some of the possible social consequences of his theory.

Of the innumerable books occasioned by the present war, one of the most neutral comes from the Oxford University Press. It is "An Anthology of Patriotic Prose" (2s. net), selected by Frederick Page. The jingoes get a hearing in this modest volume—only to be laughed out of court. Patriotism in war is the alpha and omega of the compilation only in the sense that all the rest of the alphabet comes in between. The patriotism of England naturally bulks large, but it does not exclude expressions from other countries and from many varying points of view. Indeed, seventy-seven authors are drawn upon. Plato is heard. Camden and Selden and Stow and Lucy Hutchinson speak. Nor are Belloc and Chesterton allowed to remain silent. Parson Wilbur discourses in his inimitable Yankee style. Even Goethe raises his voice, but chiefly to declare that he had "often felt a bitter pain at the thought that the German people, so honorable as individuals, should be so miserable as a whole." To one who cons it in the quiet of the study the volume will furnish from many another writer a choice expression of that patriotic sentiment now so conspicuous in our so-called civilized world.

Two volumes issued simultaneously complete the Pittsburgh Survey, and give us a full work in sociological research comparable only to Booth's panoramic analysis of the people of London. "The Pittsburgh District: Civic Frontage" (Russell Sage Foundation; $2.50) is of major practical interest, for it covers the investigation into governmental charities, housing and factory inspection, health administration, the courts, schools, and playgrounds, taxation, and opportunities for city-planning. Writers, including E. T. Devine, Robert Woods, Charles A. Robinson, and Emily W. Dinwiddie, present in addition articles and notes bringing out the specific changes for good connected with the Survey, and revealing the importance of the civic revolution now under way in the Pennsylvania city. The improvements listed include a reorganization of the tax and school systems, the enactment of adequate housing laws, the work of a Morals Efficiency Commission, the adoption of industrial relief plans, and the rapid development of safety engineering, for all of which the Survey pointed the need.

The companion volume, "Wage-Earning Pittsburgh" ($2.50), is a study of the population by races. Native Pittsburghers trace the genesis of the community—the slow yielding of the old small-town institutions, the bitter social injustices of the period of transition, the recent awakening of reform. We have estimates of the new immigration by a Welshman of the anthracite region and a Bohemian who is interested in the betterment of the Slav-Americans, the impression made on a Russian engineer by a sect of eastern Europe transplanted to the bituminous field, and a negro's commentary on the influx of his own race. There is a study of crime by an expert from New York city, as well as studies of labor organization, of industrial management, of child waste, and of maladministration in the Department of Labor. An attempt has been made not only to preserve the validity of the reports as handed in at the time of investigation, but to make a record of the steps since taken to ameliorate conditions. This and the ill-defined bounds of the topics assigned to several of the writers in each volume, has led to a certain amount of repetition. The illustrations represent a distinct improvement over the four volumes previously issued, some being in color.

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Dr. R. M. Haig's "History of the General Property Tax in Illinois" (Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois Studies) is a carefully written history of taxation in that State since territorial days. It yields the usual cumulative testimony to the ineffectiveness of the property tax under local administration in the United States. Nor is the story brightened by any changes for the better, such as a number of neighboring States have introduced in recent years. Illinois has been singularly indifferent to the lessons afforded by States, like Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Kansas, that have made notable advances within a decade, largely as the result of centralized administration. Efforts for reform in Illinois are now directed towards securing a constitutional amendment that will free the hands of the Legislature and towards the establishment of a competent State Tax Commission. Dr. Haig has done his work very well; but in treating of the taxation of personal property is inclined to lay too much stress upon the difficulties inherent in the problem, and not enough upon the administrative and other conditions which would have made any other tax work about as badly as the general property tax has worked.

Robert R. McCormick's "With the Russian Army" (Macmillan; $2) devotes less than fifty small pages, out of a total of more than three hundred, to actual observations on the Russian front; and these are of a very mild kind in no way superior to the mass of material that finds its way into the columns of newspapers. The rest of the book is given up to two subjects—the distinguished Russians whom the author met and the history of the Russian army and of the campaigns which Mr. McCormick did not see but which were described to him by Russian officers. As the son of a former Ambassador to Petrograd the writer was honored with an invitation to come to Russia and see for himself. He met the Czar—the interview being somewhat overelaborate in its account of the furniture in the imperial antechamber—the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Chief of Staff, and generals without number. But in spite of these opportunities he has brought back, as indicated, little matter of value. Where the writer depends on second-hand information, he shows no particular critical judgment. Of the early campaigns he accepts the Russian version without question. A moving-picture operator accompanied Mr. McCormick, the only one so privileged, we are told, and we are inclined to think the pictures will prove more informative than the text.

Mr. A. A. Milne, the author of "Happy Days" (Doran; $1.25), who is now fighting and, let us hope, jesting in the English trenches, says, in his Foreword, that he offers this selection from his contributions to *Punch* "as a sample of that *Punch* humor (and perhaps, therefore, British humor) which Americans so often profess not to understand." If our tired business man were asked to explain his distaste for *Punch* humor, he would probably dismiss the question with some monosyllable. Pinned down to it, he would discover an impression of British official humor as lacking in that flash and gusto which we so readily acknowledge in our own—as, on the whole, a system of labored facetiousness. Now, the thing treasonous American admirers of *Punch* find to say for it is that it has somehow produced a good deal of permanent literature, while our own official humorous publications have done next to nothing worth preserving. Nevertheless, we can but admit that the British humorist "on his job," in the act of convulsing an empire, is frequently heavy-handed. And this is felt with special force when, as in the present volume, the sledgehammer beats steadily through some hundreds of pages unrelieved by a gleam of sobriety. Not that Mr. Milne and his confrères are really frivolous. There is not a little solid and trustworthy satire beneath the jollities of this book. It is, in fact, for one who is sufficiently Anglicized in taste to be willing to take his humor somewhat seriously, a book to be taken with enjoyment—in small doses.

"Nationalization of Railways in Japan" (Longmans, Green; $1.25), by Toshiharu Watarai, traces the history of railway development in the island empire from the opening of the first road, a Government undertaking in 1872, down to the present, when the total length is about 5,600 miles, only 577 miles being privately owned. Much the larger portion of the Government railways was acquired by purchase on terms which the author regards as over-generous to the owners. Various reasons for nationalization are reviewed—economic, political, military—but the cause is found in the desire for expansion in 1906, stimulated by victory over the Russians. Financial results of Government operation have not thus far been unfavorable, but there is increasing difficulty in raising funds as demands arise for the building of unprofitable extensions. There appears to have been no marked reduction of rates since nationalization became the settled policy, the Government preferring to operate the roads on private business principles and avoid the unpopular policy of drawing upon public funds for additions and improvements. It is apparently the author's idea that private railway building should be encouraged at least to the extent of permitting private capital to build the new and speculative lines. There is a full discussion of the financial procedure concerned with Government purchase and the systems of freight and passenger rates are discussed in detail. But one observes with regret the omission of the vital questions which face a country like ours in such an undertaking—questions of wages, labor efficiency, administrative efficiency, and the like. As a matter of fact, however, there is little to be learned by the United States from the experience of a tiny monarchy like Japan, with less mileage in the entire country than is contained in many of our individual railway systems. Socialists will derive little comfort from the author's pronouncement that the age-long subjection of the Japanese people to the influences of Buddhism and Confucianism, and the feudal system, drove out any individualistic aspirations and reduced the economic life of the nation to a low level, and so prepared the ground in which the disease of state socialism spread rapidly. The fact that this dissertation was completed under the guidance of the Columbia faculty should be sufficient guarantee as to the accuracy of the basic material. It is somewhat ungracious to comment on the English style of a foreign writer, yet the fact that in many places it is quite impossible to tell what the author means by what he says, would suggest that those who receive thanks in the preface for assistance in translation might well have remained anonymous.

Harald Höffding's "Modern Philosophers" (translated by Alfred G. Mason; Macmillan; $1.40), is designed in a measure to supplement his "History of Modern Philosophy" and to follow the course of philosophical thought from the point (for him, about 1880), where it can be no longer treated as history. The book consists of lectures upon Wundt, Bradley, Fouillée, Avenarius, Guyau, Nietzsche, Eucken, James, and Bergson (among others), the greatest amount of space being given to Nietzsche and Bergson. As Höffding remarks, recent philosophy is even more difficult to classify, or to treat impersonally, than the historical systems. What it chiefly suggests is that "the more profoundly one studies philosophy, the more one comes to realize how little worth are the wonted rubrics." Those who desire a bird's-eye view of recent philosophy will find the book a valuable source of information; we know of nothing else that quite serves the purpose. The treatment, however, strikes one as somewhat casual and sketchy, and too narrowly influenced by private interests. James is treated exclusively as a philosopher of religion. The deference accorded to Avenarius and to Eucken seems hardly justified by the text. New realism and Anglo-American pragmatism (except for passing references in connection with James) are wholly ignored. We have not the original text before us—whether Danish or German, is not stated—but the author's syntax could not possibly be so bad as that of his translator.

It is to be hoped that Prof. A. L. Bowley will bring down to a later date the lectures which he delivered at the London School of Economics and Political Science in January and February, 1915, and which have been issued to the public by the Cambridge University Press (Putnam), under the title of "The Effect of the War on the External Trade of the United Kingdom." The professor of statistics in the University of London in these lectures made an exhaustive analysis of the monthly statistics of the United Kingdom from 1906 to 1914. So much has happened since December, 1914, that these tables and diagrams have now hardly more than an historic value. Professor Bowley's analysis will, however, be found of no small value when the economic history of the war is finally compiled. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note how the outlook impressed this trained observer in the opening months of 1915. It was not then necessary, he thought, to assume that Great Britain was becoming a debtor instead of a creditor nation, and that it was realizing investments abroad to pay for imports; yet there could not be any great margin at the existing levels of trade. Up to that time the great part of the reduction of exports could be attributed to the cessation of new external investment. The apparent near equality of the values of imports in January, 1914, and January, 1915, was due to the inflation of freights, mainly payable to British owners. Professor Bowley's prophetic insight is attested by the following: "The first sign of difficulty will, of course, be shown by a movement against us of the foreign exchanges and a pressure to export gold."

Prof. Walter E. Clark, of the College of the City of New York, undertook a difficult task in "The Cost of Living," published by McClurg in the National Social Science series.

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The causes and effects of rising prices are complex and obscure; the speculations regarding them have given rise to many misunderstandings and fallacies. To cover the subject in a little book that sells for half a dollar, in such fashion as to win the interest of the general reader, and deserve the respect of the professional economist, is no small achievement, and this the author has accomplished. It is quite unusual to find so much sense and substance in so small a volume. Brief chapters indicate the facts to be explained and the chief economic principles involved; the body of the book discusses in detail the causes that have been proposed to account for the rise in prices; and concluding chapters take up the effects and the possible remedies. Professor Clark finds the great cause of rising prices in the increased output of gold, and shows how the upward movement stimulates counteracting influences which may be expected to check it in the course of time. He is opposed to specific measures, such as Fisher's "compensated dollar," aimed directly against changes in the level of prices.

That there was a great deal of charm in the pen that the late Sister Nivedita (Margaret Noble) wielded in behalf of India is now in evidence for those accustomed only to her vitriolic studies of Anglo-Indian statesmanship. Collected into an attractive volume, "Footfalls of Indian History" (Longmans; $2 net), these discerning papers invite because of their success in capturing that charm of interpretation made classic by Pater. With a keen and observing mind, Margaret Noble's warm, Celtic imagination has illuminated all the mystery and revery of Indian thought and temperament, and these delightful excursions into the archæology and history of the spacious periods of India's past should prove welcome to those students of art and history who will appreciate an informal yet careful treatment of topics only just unfolding to western scholarship. While there is, due to predisposition, much that is controversial in Sister Nivedita's various readings and theories, many of which are now modified by recent research, yet her theme is brilliantly maintained—that India is, and always has been a synthesis. "No Indian province has lived unto itself, pursuing its own development, following its own path, going its own way unchallenged and alone. On the contrary, the same tides have swept the land from end to end. A single impulse has bound province to province at the same period, in architecture, in religion, in ethnic striving." But while the question of the Græco-Roman influence, as evidenced by the famous sculptural remains of the so-called Gandharan school, is still a matter of controversy, Sister Nivedita's sweeping conclusions must remain in abeyance until archæological exploration in India and West Asia, now in its infancy, has yielded the evidence it so richly promises.

In this book we are taken by a passionate pilgrim to all the great shrines of India's past—to the site of Rajgir, its ancient Babylon; to the famous abbey of Ajanta, where the only remaining glory of India's pictorial art is fading away on the walls of the rock-cut chapels, and through the province of Behar, or ancient Magadha, sacred to the Buddhist world because of its memories of Gautama. In her study of the Ajanta caves the reader will find Sister Nivedita's scholarship and method at their best. If we except Mrs. Herringham's study of its frescoes, which it fittingly complements, we know of no other more illuminating exploration of Ajanta. In time, let us hope, the feet of the tourist and student will lead to the caves of Ajanta instead of to the burning-ghat at Benares; but this will not be possible if the Indian Government fails to take effective measures for preserving these precious frescoes. In her papers on the rich evidences of civilization as found in the various manifestations of Hinduism, Sister Nivedita's enthusiasm has led her to read the present too vividly in the light of past cultural attainments, a method that too often avails itself of the special plea. There is no reason, however, why this stimulating volume should not become, together with Miss Noble's classic, "The Web of Indian Life," a useful companion to the inevitable Baedeker in India.

For a succinct review of the modern influences at work in China, both prior to and after the sensational reign of the Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi, the reader will find Adolph S. Waley's "The Re-Making of China" (Dutton; $1 net) admirably suited. The confusing rapidity with which events in the Celestial Empire began to move, when the new spirit made itself felt under the reactionary Manchu régime, makes this summary necessary. The vain and unfortunate Boxer movement was but an ineffectual weapon the Manchu used to stem the encroaching tide of western ideas; but the Boxer movement was vastly enlightening to all those patriotic officials who had the future of China at heart, and those who emerged from this harsh school helped to remake the democratic China of to-day. Always under obligation to the valuable work of J. O. P. Bland, Mr. Waley is especially illuminating in his estimates of these personalities and their individual reactions to the inevitable triumph of democracy. Chief among these are his studies of the two protagonists, the President Yuan Shi-Kai and the defeated leader of the revolutionaries, Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. There is no doubt of the native ability and far-sighted policy of Yuan Shi-Khi, even though he was a protégé of the Empress Dowager. Mr. Waley's analysis of the motives that impelled this statesman to disavow his Manchu allegiance and espouse the cause of reform is convincing. Mr. Waley credits Yuan Shi-Kai with a high degree of loyalty and patriotism to his country throughout his spectacular career, and he attributes the President's triumph over Dr. Sun Yat-Sen to the awakening desire of young China to evolve a racial and national consciousness based upon the old economy, instead of a wholesale remodelling and adoption of strictly western principles, as urged by the revolutionary leader.

That Yuan Shi-Kai may yet prove a victim to his great ambition is a question broached by Mr. Waley. Yuan Shi-Kai once hoped to temporize by establishing a constitutional monarchy, while retaining the old Manchu dynasty, and his present attitude may yet prove to be a concession to the exigencies of an impossible situation. Yuan Shi-Kai, while at heart a conservative, is an adroit politician. When he failed to save the Manchu dynasty he really adopted wholesale reform, and thus successfully robbed Dr. Sun Yat-Sen and his party of their *raison d'être*. Will his strong, despotic power of to-day, backed by a laudable ambition, lead him to feel the right of founding a new dynasty? When the people of Shensi heard of his election to the Presidency they believed, according to Mr. Waley, that Yuan Shi-Kai was actually ascending the lost throne of the Manchus. Still, judging from his brilliant career, one feels that this clever administrator will scarcely become a victim to his ambition; Yuan Shi-Kai was too apt a pupil of the valuable experience won at the expense of his Manchu mistress. Mr. Waley's sketch of the unfortunate Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, and the collapse of his revolutionary party, is an interesting key to the real issue at present before young China. The fact that this self-sacrificing and devoted leader of new China failed to realize the need of preserving a strong, national integrity in the face of the irresistible western influx, is to be attributed to the intensity of his single aim and vision. Having set his people on the path to reform and progress, he should have seen that a reconstruction similar to that of Japan was desirable. Instead, it was a rival, Yuan Shi-Kai's able lieutenant, Kang Yu-Wei, who turned the tide with ideals derived from Japan, and placed the political future of Yuan Shi-Kai on a stable and popular basis. Whatever the future of his country, the name of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen is deeply engraved in the annals of modern China, and she may yet have further need of his devoted service.

It is a pity that a careless editor should have marred Maurice E. McLoughlin's interesting account of "Tennis as I Play It" (Doran; $2 net) by putting wrong captions on pictures and inaccurately describing others. To the expert the blunders are obvious, and mental corrections are made in two cases, but in another even the best of players will be puzzled to understand the position of racquet and ball in Mr. McLoughlin's service, when he is shown at the base line, racquet high in air, with the ball at least two feet above it, and the description says: "The ball has been struck and is seen leaving the camera's field." Nothing but a lobb or a sliced service could bring about the position indicated. Those who expect to learn how McLoughlin makes the strokes which have placed him in the front rank of lawn-tennis players of the world will be sadly disappointed. His advice as to what to do is good, but has been told many times by experts who have written on the game, but in no case does he explain the method of making the strokes. The chapter on dress is to the point, and court surfaces and the relative merits of clay, asphalt, concrete, wood, and turf are treated with knowledge, but without the imparting of any new information on the subject. In discussing the various American services, Mr. McLoughlin says much regarding the position of the body, and a little about the way the ball is hit. The expert who has worked over the twist services will understand, but hardly the novice. In fact, the book is one for experts only. As a textbook of the game it cannot be recommended. It is, however, interesting for its good descriptions of the methods of play and generalship of the leading experts, and its graphic tales of the way games have been pulled out of the fire. In this respect much pleasure may be obtained from the book.

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Science

SCIENTIFIC WORK IN SWITZERLAND; CENTENARY OF THE SOCIETE HELVETIQUE DES SCIENCES NATURELLES.

GENEVA, September 18.

Surrounded by nations at war, the Swiss are doing what they can to keep alive an interest in science. The universities, however, have suffered from the decrease in the number of male students. As the armies of other nations have been successively mobilized, Russians, Servians, Bulgarians, Germans, French, Austrians, Greeks, and Turks, who formed a very large percentage of those studying in Switzerland, have been called away. Moreover, there have been unpleasant incidents in at least three of the universities, caused by friction between the Swiss and certain professors who are accused of open sympathy with one of the belligerent Powers. But the war does not seem to have checked the activity of the learned societies. Switzerland in general—Geneva in particular—has always been a favorite meeting place for international scientific assemblies. This year foreign nations have not been represented, but in spite of the distractions caused by the war, the annual conventions of Federal and cantonal scientific societies have been held without interruption.

The most important of these has been the centennial celebration at Geneva of the Société helvétique des Sciences naturelles, which took place in the second week of September. This is one of the oldest societies of the kind. Oken founded the German association of physicians and naturalists at Munich, in 1822; nine years later the British Association was organized, and shortly afterwards the Société géologique of France held its first meeting at Auvergne. The Swiss society, however, was founded in 1815, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, and its hundredth anniversary had to be observed in the midst of the present European conflict. The founder was a pharmacist of Geneva, named Henri Albert Gosse, who, with the collaboration of Samuel Wyttenbach, a pastor of Berne, conceived the plan of forming a body of men devoted to scientific research and drawn from the German as well as from the French cantons. The undertaking was successful, and the association through various commissions, and by individual effort, has made valuable contributions to mathematics, physics, chemistry, geology, and zoölogy. It has counted among its members men like Agassiz, Charpentier, Carl Vogt, de Saussure, and more humble but enthusiastic workers—woodsmen, guides, and simple travellers or dwellers in the mountains, who have often made observations and discoveries of considerable importance. The situation and nature of Swiss territory has given to certain aspects of the society's work special importance and interest. The works published by its members form a complete encyclopædia of the physical characteristics of the country. Glaciers, rivers, lakes, and meteorological problems like those concerning atmospheric conditions in the Alps have been, and are now being, carefully studied. For this reason certain papers read at the centennial meeting are of great value, particularly a remarkable memoir by Professor Mercanton, of Lausanne, on the great Rhône glacier, a subject to which he has given constant attention for forty years. According to him the glacier has a circulatory system. It collects and it distributes. It grows in volume by the process of collection; it diminishes by the process of dissipation. In twenty years it has gained 200 millions of cubic metres, while losing 150 millions. Observations as to its behavior have been made by fixed marks, poles planted in the ice, stones placed upon the surface. There is a fixed icy substratum upon which the upper layer descends at the rate of about five metres every year.

The society, apart from its special work, has been of value in promoting good feeling among the Swiss cantons with their various languages and sympathies. It was significant that its proceedings this year should have been opened by M. Motta, the president of the Confederation, who came from Berne accompanied by other officers of state. M. Motta is a native of the Italian canton Ticino. In his address he spoke of the results which men of science had achieved in consolidating the Helvetic union. He, as well as M. Pictet, the president of the society, maintained that Switzerland, by reason of its neutrality, had a work to do in the future, a work of reconciliation of men of science to one another, by healing the breaches made in the present war. M. Pictet said:

"The economic independence of Switzerland is an impossibility, but we should make every effort to traverse national crises. Moreover, we have a national duty. In the domain of science, all peoples are engaged in a common work. We should do all in our power to repair the bonds between nations, which have unhappily been severed by war."

In like manner, President Motta declared that in the second century of its existence the Swiss society should become "the scientific Red Cross to heal the distressing and mortal wounds which are now tormenting our feelings and dividing our intellects." While he made no direct reference to the German "Intellectuals," a passage near the close of his address was loudly applauded, in which he said: "All races have their virtues and their weaknesses, and to none of them has been vouchsafed by a decree of nature the government of the world. To set Latins against Germans, to make them irreconcilable enemies, is not only an evil undertaking contrary to the moral and political constitution of our country, but an attack on Christianity and on civilization." A. A.

Every handy book which treats of the plants met with in one's walks in the country should have a hearty welcome. In a pocket-volume Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews has brought together a short account of the more important trees and shrubs of the United States, and has, by means of his skilful pencil and brush, made it reasonably easy to identify most of them. The title of his treatise, "Field-Book of American Trees and Shrubs" (Putnam), is perhaps a little too wide, for America is a large continent. It may be rather difficult to distinguish some of the species here described, even with help of the excellent figures, but the amateur will not go far astray. The Field-Book is a useful companion to Mr. Mathews's earlier volume, "Field-Book of American Wild Flowers."

Drama

AN INGLORIOUS MILTON.

Armageddon. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Co. $1 net.

Mr. Stephen Phillips quotes two texts as the inspiration of his "Armageddon," which he describes as a modern epic drama. The first is a sentence from a speech by Mr. Asquith: "This war is not only a material, it is also a spiritual conflict"; the second is an utterance of the Poet Laureate: "This war is a war of Christ against the Devil." His exposition of them is a remarkable but strangely uneven work, in which high ideals, rare poetic imagination, and noble verse are marred by passages of crude melodramatic violence. It is in dealing with the material side of his subject, when he writes in prose, that passionate indignation, perfervid patriotism, and a too hasty generalization betray him into an intemperance which, in the circumstances, may be natural, but is undignified, inartistic, and injudicious. In his spiritual scenes he maintains himself consistently upon moral and poetic heights.

His thesis is that Satan, foiled in his design, originating in Eden, to win the world by craft, determined to achieve his end by substituting for guile the gospel of force, of might for right. He stakes his all upon the last throw of the dice. So the play opens, as it closes, with a conclave in Hell, where Satan, enthroned, is in council with his peers. Here the poetry is not unworthy of the Miltonic model. To Beelzebub, Moloch, Belial, and the rest Satan thus unfolds his plan:

Hurl we a massive fury on the world
With engines and artillery of Hell,
With wail of women and cities thundered down,
Until beneath the bellowing, blind world blow
Justice shall reel, Love, Pity, and Mankind
Shall build to Force, not Faith, temples afresh.

But it is necessary, he says, to use a mortal instrument, and therefore he rouses Attila from his "sanguinary sleep" and dismisses him to earth to "enter into him to whom I send thee as a house prepared." The allusion, of course, is obvious. The scene then shifts to Rheims, where the German general Trenck is carousing with his staff. After two or three incidents of sheer melodrama (in prose), improbable in the circumstances, and surely out of place in a piece of such literary and imaginative calibre, the Abbé of Rheims prays that his cathedral may be spared. He says:

You batter no mere mass of masonry,
You burn the body of an eternal soul.
They who did build so high they feared not time,
They feared not man, and now shall man erase
This thought unchanging in the drift of change;
This Prayer that ever rising still abides;

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This Rally of the Soul on days of dross,
With windows rose-flushed from heroic dawns;
A vision frozen, stationary sigh,
Time worn, yet wearying t'ward eternity.

But Trenck, who has been drinking heavily, is obdurate. Savagely scoffing at the Abbé's plea, he delivers a harangue to his officers, in the course of which he declares:

World-Power is our furious journey's end;
Therefore all Pity, Scruple, Truth discard;
There is no truth but one; that we alone
Are destined for the lordship of the Earth!
Then come like wolves upon the villages
And visit wasted cities at sunset,
Like the lean lion roaming Babylon!
Be deaf then to the wail of women blind
To children's blood; the cause demands of you
That you shall lie and burn, betray and snare!
Remember Attila, grand ruthless Hun!

In this there is more of passion and prejudice than of poetic inspiration. Even the best of cases—and the poet could scarcely have a stronger one—is not helped by too hasty generalization. Moreover, the mention of Attila is somewhat confusing. Trenck was not the originator of the war, and there is no reason for supposing that it was he whom the ruthless Hun was commissioned to inhabit. The scene ends with the instant extinction, in the midst of the revelry, of the whole German company by the fumes of a turpinite shell, each man, in death, maintaining his last conscious attitude. This, doubtless, would constitute an effective tableau in the melodramatic theatre, but is perilously akin to tricky sensationalism. Mr. Phillips is at his best in an English orchard episode, where a mother and her destined daughter-in-law hear of the death of son and lover. Here the contrasted griefs of mother and betrothed are depicted with keen and delicate insight in some exquisite verse. The passage, too long for quotation, is a fine tribute to the noble spirit of bereaved and patriotic womanhood. The broad humor of a scène in a German press bureau is somewhat cheap and conventional, but there is much stirring poetry, intermingled with some much less worthy matter, in the scene laid in Cologne, supposed to have been captured by the Allies. The French and Belgian generals—it may be questioned whether the poet in his fervent Anglicanism represents them quite fairly—would exact eye for eye and tooth for tooth and lay Cologne Cathedral in ruins in expiation of Rheims, but are restrained by the British commander—who pleads that they are fighting for the great cause of freedom and liberty, not for revenge—until he hears that his only son has been killed and mutilated. Then he wavers, and asks time for reflection. In his absence the French general sees a vision of Joan of Arc, who converts him to the nobler spiritual view. She says:

Listen! The Powers of Darkness loosed this war;
They hurl cathedrals down, women profane,
Fear then, lest these shall tempt you to repay
Till you at last they whelm in their own darkness.
Have I not seen the very stars in Heaven
Flash all together at some splendid "No"?
And what is all the injury they have wrought?
What flame of body, or what woman's cry,
To the injury they do to their own souls?
Because they ruined Rheims, spare ye Cologne.

So rapine is foregone, and upon this note of mercy in triumph the play ends. In a brief epilogue in Hell Attila reports to Satan that he is encountering a new and strange influence, uncomprehended by him, more potent even than Force, and, as a soft light from above falls upon him, the Prince of Darkness cries, in a bold and striking paraphrase, "My Power, my Power, why art thou leaving me?" Upon the entire work the most obvious comment is that it but imperfectly realizes an ambitious conception. To the title of drama it has small claim. At most, it is a series of dramatic episodes. In much of the verse Mr. Phillips justifies his high repute as a poet, but the prose passages might easily have been written by a much lesser man.

J. Ranken Towse.

"THE TWO VIRTUES."

The absent-minded professor of "The Professor's Love Story" and of popular tradition has been enriched for purposes of the stage by passing through the mind of Bernard Shaw. The scholar of "Pygmalion," though outwardly naïve, is scarcely the ingenuous figure that scholars were once supposed to be. He is blended with the unconventional, direct-thinking creations in whom Shaw delights. He is no longer an object of good-natured satire, but a vehicle by which satire is carried into other camps. There is nothing quite so capable of momentarily staggering the universe as the straightforward question of a child, and no one has recently so succeeded in putting society to it to justify its foibles and inconsistencies as the queries of Shaw's speciously innocent heroes.

Mr. Alfred Sutro's Jeffery Panton is merely a faint reflection of "Pygmalion's" professor. The middle-aged brother of a lady of fashion, he has shut himself off from the world because of a desire to write a monumental history of historians. The original motive for his seclusion is of no real consequence, namely, the jilting he has received at the hands of a butterfly; and equally insignificant in the illumination of his character is the fact that for years he has kept his lady's portrait and other mementos of her in his study. This romantic moonshine furnishes only an arbitrary excuse for his secluded life; it jars with his subsequent indifference to emotional influences, and thus may be thought inartistic even in so trifling a play as "The Two Virtues." Be that as it may, the main situation is furnished by Panton's intellectual companionship with a Mrs. Guilford, a person of good birth but, through force of trying circumstances, possessing a past. Besought by his lady-love to intervene in an affair—harmless it transpires—of this woman and the former's husband, he refuses, until, made defiant by his sister's shock at thought of his approaching a woman unknown to him, he decides to do that very thing.

In the second act the friendship begins. For he discovers that Mrs. Guilford has great intelligence and, more important, a consuming interest in history. It is arranged that she shall come every day to help him at his work. The third act discloses the two with heads together over Mommsen and Froude. The heart so far is entirely in abeyance to the head, and would doubtless have remained so forever, had not his first love, Mrs. Jervoise, and his sister, Lady Milligan, broken the spell by their presence. Mrs. Jervoise, fancying that, still true to her, he is seeking out the other merely in her behalf, assures him that her husband's infatuation is at an end. But Lady Milligan, suspecting a more serious attachment, coldbloodedly rehearses the history of Mrs. Guilford, until the latter, become indignant, storms out and protests that she will never return. Panton is furious but perplexed. But the word "marriage," which his sister drops unfortunately, gives him the clue, and he rushes off to propose. It is not love, at least on his part, yet the final curtain goes down on the two in each others' arms.

Lacking smart lines, this play would have fallen flat, for there is nothing fundamental in the satire heaped upon fashionable society. Obviously only a person specially constituted can to advantage take such liberties with convention as are taken by Jeffery Panton. But Mr. Sutro's pen was sharp enough to create a character who for the moment actually does put milady in an amusing light, and this despite the sharpness of her own wits in fighting back.

Mr. E. H. Sothern, as Panton, turned the trick with such ease that many are wondering what he might do in other eccentric parts. We suspect that he would be highly successful in the important rôle, already referred to, in "Pygmalion." As Lady Milligan, Miss Haidee Wright gave a most enjoyable performance. Miss Pauline Whitson greatly overdid the part of Mrs. Jervoise, and Miss Charlotte Walker was a rather disappointing Mrs. Guilford.

F.

"THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN."

Mr. Louis K. Anspacher's new play at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre both interested and perplexed its audience. They were interested because "The Unchastened Woman" is rather different from any American drama of recent times, even in these days when so much is made of novelty. It pretends to be a thoughtful play, and does indeed go through the motions of thinking. But the spectators were also perplexed, because it has no direct message, is indeed a jumble of half-articulate messages. One suspects that the author has been reading Strindberg and has been captivated by one or another of his heartless women. Caroline Knolys, wife of Hubert Knolys, a wealthy New Yorker, and herself possessed of a fortune, is chaste only because she is passionless. But she enjoys the excitement of exercising her power over men, and not least her advantage over her husband, whom she refuses to divorce, even though he has been unfaithful to her. Their life together is the hell of bickering in which she most delights.

In this central situation alone Strindberg would have found ample material for a clear-cut drama. But Mr. Anspacher, less despairing of womankind than the Swede, de-

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sired to contrast his heroine with a stable, full-hearted woman, and this necessitated a plot so complicated as to dull the artificial lustre of the main theme. We need not recount the story, which in simple outline would betray, more than the play actually does, the reliance upon coincidence and other crude artifices. The main defect is apparent enough in the crucial situation. These protagonists, for all their pretensions, lack the intellect to make them really interesting. Strindberg, warped though his outlook on life was, contrived nevertheless to send momentary shudders through his audience at thought of the horrid possibilities of married life. To gauge the calibre of Mr. Anspacher's Caroline Knolys, one has merely to imagine in the part an actress of established intellectual capacities. She could have found herself attracted by numerous openings and confounded by their shallowness. This must be taken in account in judging the performance of Miss Emily Stevens, whose acting was greatly impaired by meaningless giggles and shrugs. In general the play was competently presented, though Mr. H. Reeves-Smith, as Hubert, might improve his work by disciplining his facial expressions and avoiding the little trick of clapping his hands behind him. The cast includes R. Hassard Short, Christine Norman, Willette Kershaw, Isabel Richards, and Louis Bennison. F.

"THE BARGAIN."

"A Modern Shylock," the original title of Herman Scheffauer's new play which was produced last week at the Comedy Theatre, had at least the merit of conveying some idea of what the piece was about, and it is difficult to assign any reason not absolutely childish for the change. There are, however, more serious grounds for quarrel with Mr. Scheffauer's drama than the choice of a title. The promise of the first act, which is well written and introduces a situation and an array of characters that seem capable of developing distinct interest, is not fulfilled. One is tempted to the verbal flippancy of saying of the rest of the play that it is "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark omitted; this is not quite accurate, but it is accurate to say that it is "The Auctioneer" without Mr. David Warfield. "The Auctioneer" is a very poor play made interesting by the superlative performance of a clever actor in a part written expressly for him; "The Bargain" is, as a play, but little better, and Louis Calvert, for all that he plays the part of the protagonist, Simon Lusskin, extremely well, has neither the opportunity nor, we think, the ability of David Warfield.

The initial situation is sufficiently interesting. Simon Lusskin, a worthy Hebrew pawnbroker of the East Side, has taken for his second wife Sarah, a woman but little older than the son and daughter, Sam and Rebecca (the latter part charmingly played by Miss Josephine Victor) of his first marriage. Simon, a Polish immigrant, is of the orthodox faith of his fathers; in his children, born in America, and in his young wife, there is the inevitable conflict between the new freedom and the old orthodoxy. Sam is in Wall Street paying to the dollar more reverence than to Jehovah; Rebecca is indulging in a clandestine love affair with an artistic Gentile; Sarah recites Shakespeare and is made restless and hysterical by histrionic ambitions. The motive of the play is obvious from the first: the old Jew, rigid and harsh in his orthodoxy, is to be left alone, and we are to see whether he will curse God and die or will accept his bereavement with Job-like resignation.

This is well enough for a beginning, but after the first act we never again get the sense of clashing wills and ideals. The tragedy of Job—and of Shylock—repeats itself, but it does not march, it saunters; there is no sense of cumulative fate, the loss of goods and children succeeded by sore boils and the mockery of friends. Sam steals a diamond necklace from his father and money from his employer; Rebecca is seduced by her Gentile lover and insists on marrying him. But we do not care whether Sam goes to prison or not, and Rebecca is obviously seduced only in order to give occasion for a scene between Simon and Sam's employer, who happens to be the father of Rebecca's lover, in which the Gentile, in consideration of the wrong done by his son, offers to overlook the peccancy of Sam—hence "The Bargain." As for Sarah, the young wife, who in the first act has promised to play an important part in the action, she peters out into nothing, only returning at the end from an unsuccessful attempt to be a great actress. Miss Dorothy Donnelly's efforts in this rôle, conveying the impression that she was about to dance before Herod, failed to atone for its inherent lack of interest. In the end, Simon curses neither God nor his Gentile son-in-law; nor does he rise to any Job-like heights of religious faith. Instead, he accepts a weak compromise, refusing, indeed, an Hebraic blessing, but apparently accepting the flabby doctrine that love transcends and excuses all and that since Rebecca and her Gentile are happily married the little matter of the seduction really doesn't matter. S. W.

Music

ENGLISH COMPOSERS AND SONGS.

Granville Bantock. By H. Orsmond Anderton. New York: John Lane. $1 net.
One Hundred Songs of England. Edited by Granville Bantock. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

In the opinion of the brilliant young Australian pianist and composer, Percy Grainger, the greatest of living composers, not only in England, but anywhere, is Frederick Delius. The greatest two in England are Edward Elgar and Granville Bantock, in the opinion of Orsmond Anderton, author of the latest addition to John Lane's series of Living Masters of Music. He eliminates Delius on the ground that he is "more Continental than English." Before taking up his subject proper, Mr. Anderton passes in brief review the other prominent modern composers of the British Isles, among them Elgar, Sullivan, Goring Thomas, Parry, Mackenzie, Stanford, Corder. He draws a parallel between Elgar and Bantock, who, he thinks, are in a true sense complementary, the former representing music in the abstract, while Bantock's has a pictorial quality, often tinged with Orientalism. Of his leaning towards realism an amusing instance was furnished by an early Miltonic overture called "Satan in Hell." At the rehearsal, after a fearful cacophonous passage, in which the players had got tangled up inextricably, Mackenzie, who conducted, exclaimed in despair, "Where are we now?" To which came the demure reply from the author, "In hell, sir."

This was an extreme case; but Bantock's sympathies were from the start with Wagner and Liszt, who were at that time the symbol of all that was daring and revolutionary in music. His start was made about 1884. His father, a famous surgeon, who had boldly defied Lister and his new methods, quite as stubbornly opposed his son's determination to become a musician, but finally had to yield; and young Bantock was allowed to become a student at the Royal Academy, where he made a thorough study of the orchestral instruments, in particular, under Frederick Corder. That ardent Wagnerite deepened the natural proclivities of his pupil, whose early works consequently reeked of Wagner. For a time he tried, like his idol, to write his own poems, but subsequently he left that to his wife and others. Like most young composers, he had his lean years, a favorite procedure being the buying of a huge cabbage and presenting it to his landlady with instructions to serve it in instalments as long as it lasted. To earn a few pennies he corrected examination papers by the hundred. He felt compelled, in the lean years, to accept offers to conduct cheap travelling opera companies, one of which, however, compensated him by providing a chance for a trip around the world. On returning, he began his more serious work both as composer and teacher, and also as conductor.. In these two capacities he occupied some of the most important posts in England, and always his effort was chiefly in behalf of modern musicians, including those of his own country, who seemed to him unduly neglected in favor of foreigners. He could not see why, when the national picture galleries of foreign countries were competing for paintings by British artists, their musical colleagues should be ignored.

So far as Bantock is concerned, it must be admitted that his music has been surprisingly ignored in America, whereas the works of some of his colleagues, notably Elgar and Stanford, have received considerable attention. Mr. Anderton appends a list of Bantock's works which takes up eight of his 156 pages; and the more important of these songs and pieces are briefly described in the book. He speaks with particular enthusiasm of the Sappho songs, the symphonic poem on the subject of "Thalaba the Destroyer," and the *magnum opus*, "in which Bantock is most completely himself and unlike all others," the "Omar," which, unfortunately, is a work of such large proportions that parts of it are more likely to be performed than the whole. Of particular interest are the author's remarks on the pioneer work done by Bantock and Elgar in fostering a style of unaccompanied choral music which has become one of the

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most remarkable artistic phenomena of our time. "A subtlety, delicacy, and force have been achieved which differentiate this music strongly from all that has gone before." Bantock was so smitten with enthusiasm over this style that he "went about proclaiming orchestral music to be no good, that it was played out, and that we must all henceforth write unaccompanied part-songs only."

These sudden enthusiasms were among Bantock's harmless foibles, at which his biographer likes to poke fun. Mr. Anderton has been for years an intimate friend of Bantock, with whom he travelled to Bayreuth, and for whom he once wrote a libretto; but when the composer saw no operatic opening for himself, he gave up the struggle and consoled himself with the reflection that opera anyway is, as an art-form, "an unsatisfactory hybrid."

Mr. Anderton has also supplied an introduction to Mr. Bantock's "One Hundred Songs of England," one of the latest volumes in Ditson's admirable Musicians' Library. In this introduction he discusses in some detail the reasons why the English have achieved less in music than in some of the other arts. They have done more, however, he contends, than they generally get credit for; English song is "analogous to the Shakespeare and the Herrick lyric, in poetry." The comments on the hundred English songs included in this volume were written by Mr. Bantock himself. They take up nearly sixty columns, and in erudition and sympathetic insight they are models of their kind. We know of no other publication which gives so satisfactory an idea of the spirit of English song (up to 1855) as this volume. It begins with the thirteenth century "Sumer is icumen in" and includes specimens by Byrd, Weelkes, Morley, Dowland, Gibbons, Purcell, Arne, Dibdin, Brahm, Bishop, and many others. Not a few of these songs, thus brought forward by Mr. Bantock, will no doubt soon find their way into our concert halls, in company with the favorite Continental products.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Walter Damrosch has chosen some interesting foreign novelties for the coming concerts of the New York Symphony Orchestra; among them a new symphonic excerpt from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," and two charming mood pictures by Delius, "Summer Night on the River" and "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring." Among the symphonies to be played this winter are Beethoven's Nos. 2 and 5, Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," Brahms's Nos. 3 and 4, Chausson's in B flat, Schubert's Symphony in C, Schumann's No. 4, Tchaikovsky's "Manfred." Among the plans of the Symphony Orchestra for this season will be a programme devoted to compositions by the great masters which have been inspired by the dramas of Shapespeare.

The Symphony Orchestra's season will comprise, as heretofore, eight Friday afternoon and sixteen Sunday afternoon concerts. At the opening pair, on October 22, 24, the soloist will be Mischa Elman. Other soloists already engaged are Frieda Hempel, Louise Homer, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Julia Culp, Fritz Kreisler, Harold Bauer, Pablo Casals, John Powell, Alexander Saslavsky, George Barrère, Josef Hofmann, Merle Alcock, and Percy Grainger.

In the thirty years following the death of Wagner (1883) the number of new operas produced in seventy-one German cities was 520. In the first of these decades there were only two big successes: Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel" and Nessler's "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen." The most prolific of all composers was d'Albert, who wrote thirteen operas in twenty years. The number of seven operas was reached in the three decades by Brüll and Goldmark; six was the number attained by R. Strauss, Kienzl, Blech, Siegfried Wagner, Zoellner; five by Bungert, Kistler, Sommer; four by Humperdinck, Heuberger, Kaskel, Kaiser, Neitzel, Weingartner; three by Bittner, Kretzschmer, Reinecke, Ritter, Waltershausen. The number of composers who succeeded in getting only one of their operas performed was 213.

The first visit of the Boston Grand Opera Company to New York, occupying the two weeks beginning Monday, October 25, at the Lexington Theatre, will bring several attractive novelties, both in the répertoire of operas to be presented and in the ballets and divertissements to be offered in the same programme by Anna Pavlowa and her Imperial Ballet Russe. The engagement will open with Auber's "The Dumb Girl of Portici," more often presented under the title of "Masaniello" in Europe, although it has not been given in this country in twenty-five years. This work was a popular selection in the répertoire of a former generation, presented in the manner of the time, but in this revival it is given in a more modern guise, in conformity with the new artistic development, which includes mimo-dramatic and mimo-choregraphic opera. In this new form of art, which has become quite popular in Europe, the portrayals of pantomimists and dancers are as important in the dramatic action and the depiction of the story as are the vocal and instrumental portions of the performance. The one mute character, the title rôle, is assumed by Anna Pavlowa, while the other parts are taken by Giovanni Zenatello, Felice Lyne, and other vocal stars. Other interesting operas to be presented are "Madama Butterfly" with a real Japanese prima donna, Tamaki Miura, in the title rôle and Riccardo Martin as Pinkerton; "Carmen," with Maria Gay and Pavlowa, who will give added zest to the wonderful ballet music in this opera; "Otello," with Zenatello and Pavlowa; "Faust," with the complete ballet and Walpurgis Night (usually omitted); "Rigoletto," with Felice Lyne as Gilda, a part in which she made a sensation in London; "Pagliacci," "Coppelia," and others.

In spite of the difficulties attending the importation of music scores and parts from Germany and Austria, the Philharmonic Society of New York is able to announce for its Carnegie Hall concerts an unusual number of novelties. Mr. Stransky has obtained the rights to first production in America of Reger's new "Variations on a Theme by Mozart," and to Strauss's latest work, his "Alpine Symphony." Stransky will also produce with the Philharmonic Orchestra the symphonic poem, "Pelléas and Mélisande," by Schoenberg, for the first time in America. Among other novelties is the new piano concerto by the foremost of English composers, Delius, the piano part of which will be played by the Australian, Percy Grainger. Considerable space has been given in the Philharmonic programmes to American composers, among them MacDowell, Rubin Goldmark, Seth Bingham, David Stanley Smith, Cornelius Rubner, Edmund Severn, A. Walter Kramer, and Fritz Stahlberg. Some of these compositions will be played from manuscript. Mr. Stransky will also appear on the programmes as composer. Two of his symphonic songs will be rendered this season by Mme. Julia Culp.

Leopold Godowsky will make his first appearance in America this season at Aeolian Hall next Sunday afternoon. He will play Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," Brahms's Paganini variations, Chopin's sonata with the funeral march, a Liszt concert study, and "Au Bord d'une Source," and Godowsky's Symphonic Metamorphoses of a Strauss waltz, preceded by a Chopin étude (op. 10, No. 6), arranged for left hand alone.

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has announced in Boston his purpose to play this year John Alden Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator." This work was on two different programmes of the Chicago Orchestra last year, and had an extraordinary success. It is said to be humorous music that really is humorous.

Finance

THE GREAT AMERICAN HARVESTS.

To the public at large, the central and spectacular feature of the Government's October report on the grain crops of the United States in 1915—the last advance estimate of the season—is undoubtedly the total indicated yield of wheat. This reaches and passes the interesting round figure of one billion bushels, whereas even last year's great crop stopped at 891,000,000, with the average of the past five years 686,000,000, and the largest yield on record prior to that period nearly a quarter of a billion bushels under the harvest figure now foreshadowed. The estimate on corn passes the three-billion-bushels mark for the second time in our history; the crop as indicated would be 354,000,000 bushels over that of 1914, and second only to that of 1912. The oats crop, like the wheat crop, will break all records in our history, exceeding by 100,000,000 bushels even the enormous yield of 1912. The country has never before equalled the present year's production of rye, or barley, or hay.

Taking the harvest of the six staple grain crops, the aggregate yield this year would be 5,843,265,000 bushels, as compared with 4,914,494,000 in the season of 1914, and with 5,552,087,000 even in the hitherto record-breaking season of 1912. As compared with what was considered the exceptionally brilliant grain year, 1906, the results for the present year would show for all six crops a total increase of nearly a thousand million bushels, or upwards of 20 per cent. That this should be among the possibilities, in a year when grain production in the outside

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world is under such abnormally restrictive influences, is notable testimony to the power and natural resources of the United States.

Under ordinary circumstances, it would have been assumed that a harvest of such enormous magnitude would result in continuous lowering of grain prices; for, although large crops had long been foreshadowed, the actual Government estimates were much larger than expectations of the grain trade. It was, in fact, predicted, when the report was given out, that prices must decline. But the grain trade has looked on every successive Government report of the season in the same way, and a substantial body of opinion existed, in the face of these latest estimates, to the effect that even the very large crops now indicated had been sufficiently "discounted" by the previous decline of 75 cents a bushel in wheat and of 20 cents in corn, from the year's earlier high prices. It is very recently that prices have been down to the lowest of the season.

That this feeling was rather general, the wheat market itself has given evidence. Last week a movement of prices was under way, not wholly unlike that which was witnessed on the outbreak of war in Europe, fourteen months ago. In the four days preceding the publication of the crop report, wheat advanced 11 cents a bushel, making 16 cents' advance in thirty days. In great measure this was a matter of speculation; in the Chicago "wheat pit" the general spirit of speculation, which had already affected so strikingly the stock and cotton markets, seemed to be in the air. But the movement was not wholly a concerted policy of professional speculators.

With supplies of wheat on the farms admittedly very large, stocks in the city granaries, whence they can be delivered instantly to consumers, are unusually small—which usually means that the farmers have been unwilling to sell at the recent low prices. Until very lately, the argument for low prices as a result of our enormous harvest was that the rest of the wheat-producing world had also greatly increased its crops—every country being stimulated to plant more wheat than ever before, with an eye to the very high prices of last season and the European situation. And, in fact, our own wheat exports, during August and September, were considerably less than in the same months of 1914.

But in the past few weeks rather plain signs have come to hand that prospects of foreign crops were by no means of the best. A wet harvest on the European Continent supplemented the necessarily bad effects of war on the grain-growing industry. Russia and the Balkans seem to have an abundant crop, but the Balkan surplus is going to Austria-Hungary and Germany, where it does not compete with our grain exports, while Russia cannot ship, owing to blockade of her two ports. Even were the Dardanelles open, it is not believed that the usual shipments could be made, with present inadequate railway facilities in Russia.

Although Argentine acreage has been increased, drought has prevailed in that country, where the present season compares with May in this country. General and heavy rains are necessary for a crop. India is not now a factor in the grain trade, the surplus there having been badly overestimated. Australia has the promise of the largest crop on record, but as the Government has guaranteed farmers about $1 per bushel for their wheat, and with freight-rates to Europe about 50 cents per bushel and over, Australian wheat at best cannot be called cheap, in comparison with our present prices.

As to our own export business for the season—which will mainly be done in the next three months—exporters are divided in opinion. Some predict shipments fully up to last year's, their argument being that the outlook for foreign harvests has become more unfavorable of late, and that stocks are smaller than last year. But how much domestic wheat will be taken in the aggregate by Europe remains to be seen. It is perhaps impossible to export as much in the remaining nine months of the crop year as in the previous season; even the ocean tonnage is not considered to be available, when there is so much ground to be made up. Yet it remains to say that even in August value of the country's exports of grain far exceeded that in any other year except 1914.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Altsheler, J. A. The Hosts of the Air. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Blackwood, A. The Extra Day. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Burnes, A. E. The Grand Duchess Benedicta. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Burnett, F. H. The Lost Prince. Century. $1.35 net.
Cooke, M. B. The Dual Alliance. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Dawson, A. J. Jan. Harper. $1.25 net.
Gale, Z. Heart's Kindred. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Gleason, A. Young Hilda at the Wars. Stokes. $1 net.
Haines, D. H. Clearing the Seas. Harper. $1.25 net.
London, J. The Star Rover. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
MacConnell, S. W. Why, Theodora! Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Nelson, A. A. Wings of Danger. McBride. $1.35 net.
O'Connor, Mrs. T. P. Dog Stars. Doran. $1.50 net.
Ruck, B. The Wooing of Rosamond Fayre. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Tchekoff, A. Russian Silhouettes. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Tomlinson, P. G. The Trail of Black Hawk. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Vachell, H. A. Spragge's Canyon. Doran. $1.25 net.
Williamson, C. N. and A. M. Secret History Revealed by Lady Peggy O'Malley. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.

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